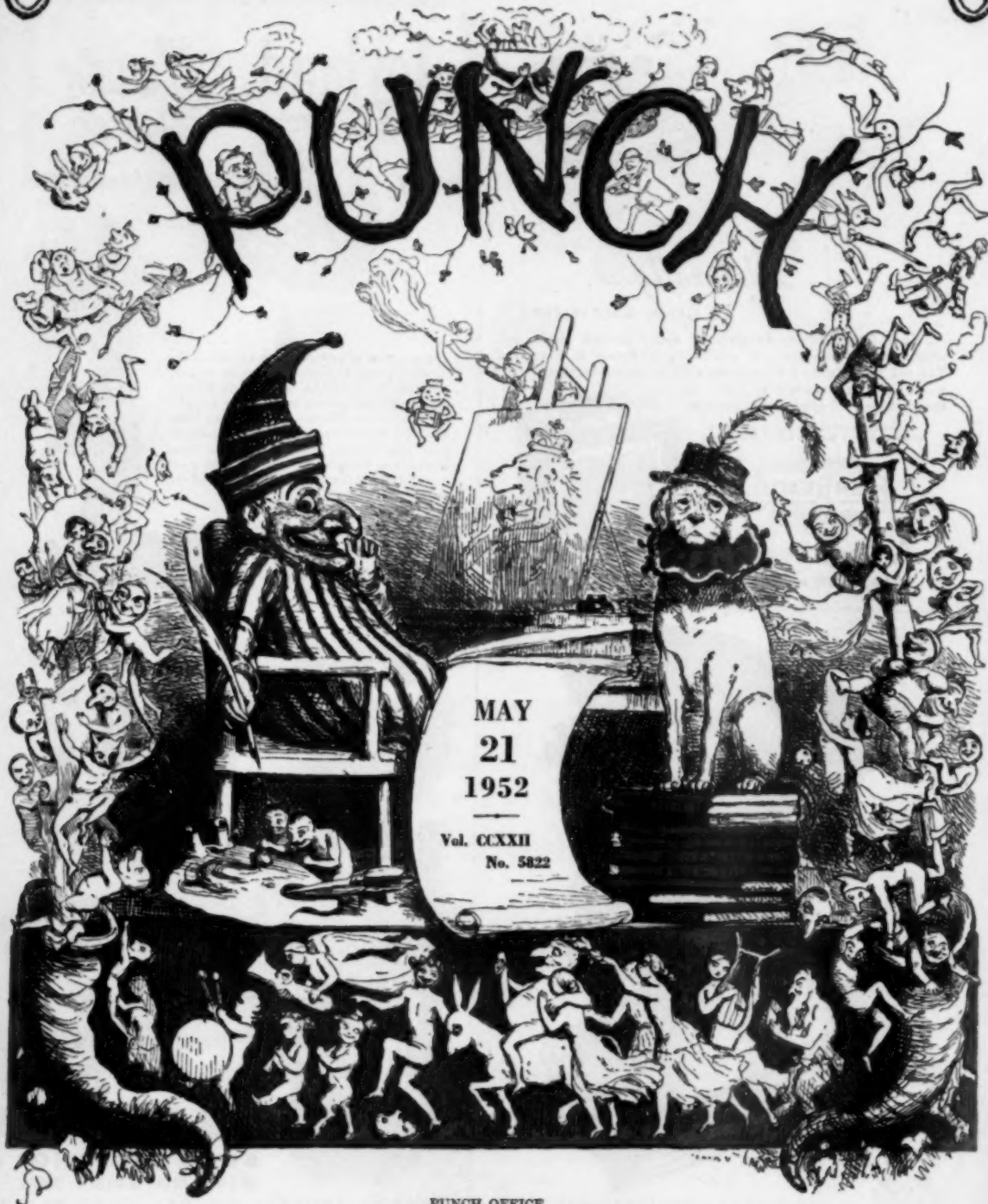


6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIOT—WEDNESDAY, MAY 21 1952

6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH OFFICE  
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



*Naturally...*

IT GOES ANYWHERE

An Ever Ready Alldry Receiver is easily carried about but, what is more important, it will work wherever it is carried. You see, Ever Ready Alldry Radio uses no aerial, earth or mains wires and is, therefore, free to entertain you wherever you may be.

The Ever Ready Type 'K' Portable (Allcircuit) costs you only **£15.7.6** ready to switch on.



**ALLDRY RADIO**

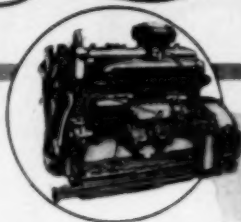
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MEDIUM OR MILD

[DCCC 717K]

**Leyland** - *in Specialist Fields*



The adoption of Leyland diesel engines as the standard power unit for machines, in so great a variety of industries, has already brought the number of engines sold by the Leyland Industrial Units Division to more than 3500. Based on the well-known Leyland Automotive type with ratings from 65-125 h.p., these engines can be serviced from standard parts at any Leyland Service Depot throughout the world.

Head Office and Works:  
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LEYLAND - LANCAS ENGLAND  
Export Division:  
**HANOVER HOUSE - HANOVER**  
**SQUARE LONDON, W.I.**



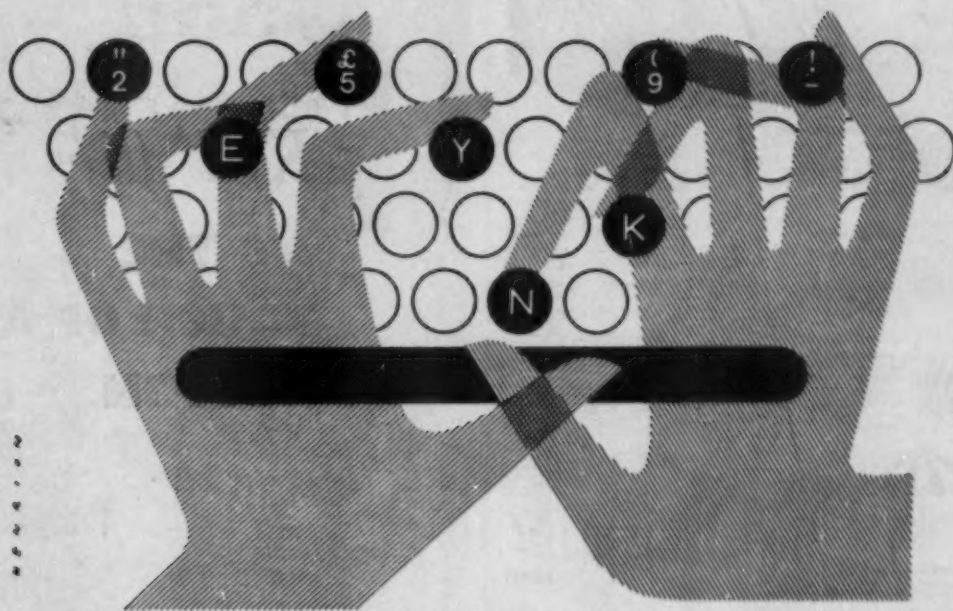
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**BRAKE LININGS**  
MAKE MOTORING SAFE

**FERODO LIMITED CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH**  
*A Member of the Turner & Newall Organisation*



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***clearly distinguished***

Distinguished to look at, smooth and fast in use, clear in impression, dead accurate in alignment — these are the qualities that have made Olivetti a world-wide name. Olivetti typewriters, from the factory in Glasgow, are equipping many famous businesses at home and abroad — giving the typist a superb machine which responds easily to her skill, and makes every letter she types so clearly distinguished.

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*Standard · Electric · Portable Typewriters · Printing Calculators · Adding/Listing Machines*

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**THE CONTINENTAL**  
Attractive and practical,  
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complete weather protec-  
tion for open casement  
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**THE CANOPY**  
Long projection and  
high bracing arm—  
ideal for French  
windows, closes into  
a neatly joined  
weatherproof box.



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Less projection than  
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able for smaller  
windows. Cord-  
operated, with  
weatherproof  
housing.



**GARDEN UMBRELLAS** are just  
one of the other bright things  
you can buy direct from

**DEAN'S BLINDS (PUTNEY) LTD., 329, Putney Bridge Road, S.W.13**  
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Welcome the sun and  
the summer; give your home a  
gay distinction with colourful ex-  
terior and Venetian blinds, tailor-  
made to fit your windows and (if  
you wish) erected by us in situ.  
You would be surprised how much  
can be done for a few pounds to  
add character to your home.

**THE 'KIRSCH SUNAIRE'.** The new 'Lazy  
S' construction of this modern Venetian blind  
bushes, flatters, carresses your loveliest room  
with the  
soft sooth-  
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of diffused  
sunlight. In  
a range of  
pastel shades  
at only, for  
instance:  
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a 10 ft. by 6 ft.  
blind.



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Kill flies  
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this press-button fly and wasp killer  
contains safe and super-efficient  
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insect pests. Get one from your chemist  
or ironmonger today. Price 7/6.

COOPER, WOODGALL & ROBERTSON LTD., BERNHAMSTED, HERTS. Est'd. 1865

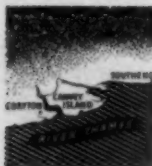
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## CORYTON—AND THE VACUUM WAY

One hundred miles of piling support Vacuum's new refinery. Eighty-six years' experience is behind Vacuum's products and Lubrication Service to Industry



*First in Lubrication*

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*First in Engineering Skill*



## THAT'S THE VACUUM WAY—

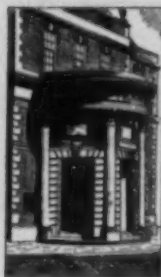
*A complete Lubrication Service for everything mechanical*

## WHY ACCEPT ANYTHING LESS?

MOBIL OIL MOBIL GAS GARGOYLE

MORLAND DELVAC SOYAC

VACUUM OIL COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON, S.W.1



## PERSONAL SERVICE

A century ago, when England was enjoying a period of peace and prosperity, the English private banker and his customer were well known to each other and banking was a personal service based on mutual confidence.

Today, modern practice is more comprehensive and includes many specialised services not imagined by the banker of a hundred years ago. National Provincial Bank, however, with its widespread resources and organisation, still maintains the banking tradition of personal service. The entire banking organisation is adapted to serve individual needs, and the Manager is always glad to meet and advise each of his customers.

## NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK LIMITED

Head Office: 15 BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.3



Where Quality always comes first . . .



There is an unmistakable air of quality about every model in the magnificent Phillips range of Sports, Light Tourist, Roadster, Juvenile and Junior Bicycles. Distinguished by stylish designs, smooth-running action, and exclusive finishes, they are a positive pleasure to own and to ride.

40 years' specialised craftsmanship have made PHILLIPS The World's most renowned Bicycles.

See them at your dealer's—or write for illustrated literature to:—  
PHILLIPS CYCLES, BIRMINGHAM, 10





## THE PERSONAL TOUCH IN BANKING

Nearly two centuries of financial experience and personal service to each customer have helped to build up the present tradition of Glyn, Mills & Co. The banking service which is provided is completely modern in all its aspects, yet has never become impersonal in its attitude towards the large concern or the private individual.

## GLYN, MILLS & CO.

BANKERS

HEAD OFFICE:

67 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.3

Associated Banks:

Royal Bank of Scotland, Williams Deacon's Bank Ltd.



## Sports Trousers by Maenson

When Maenson make a pair of Sports Trousers you can see and feel their quality. In finest gaberdines, twills and worsted flannels, the colours range from lavats and browns to the ever-popular greys. Styles include:—

- ★ A neat self-supporting model with adjustable elastic waist-band.
- ★ A more conservative style with side straps and inside buttons.

See them at your Maenson Agent's Men's Shop.

"Be well dressed—Be **Maenson** dressed"



**Chaque fois que la**  
EVERY TIME THE  
**Comtesse boit un verre**  
COUNTESS DRINKS A GLASS  
**de Dubonnet, elle donne à**  
OF DUBONNET SHE GIVES TO  
**son pékinois une soucoupe**  
HER PEKINESE A SAUCER  
**de lait. La Comtesse a une**  
OF MILK THE COUNTESS ENJOYS  
**santé florissante et le chien**  
EXCELLENT HEALTH AND THE DOG  
**est gras à lard.**  
IS AS FAT AS BUTTER.



The unique flavour and heartening strength of Dubonnet cannot be conveyed in words. It can, however, be conveyed in large glasses and consumed in generous quantities. For this most popular of all the French aperitifs does not affect the liver. Dubonnet costs 20/- a large bottle, which goes a long way. Well, sometimes.

**DUBONNET** does not affect the liver

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSE & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS, HERTS

## WINNERS TO WATCH

### Three Cheers

THREE CHEERS. Brown colt, 1948.

Sire. Stalino, Brown, 1942.

Dam. No Go, Chestnut, 1934.

Description. A whole brown with small white star on forehead. Powerful shoulders and quarters. All the appearance of a thorough stayer.

As often happens with two-year-olds, Three Cheers was introduced to racing as late in the season as November, and ran only one race. In 1951, however, he took part in eight races, of which the last five resulted in four wins and a head defeat. In the 2½-mile Cesarewitch, Three Cheers scored a meritorious victory by a head from Vidi Vici. This, then, is a career which points to the possibility of Three Cheers doing something never yet accomplished: winning the Cesarewitch for a second time. His sire, Stalino, won the Irish 2,000 Guineas.



For over 37 years — ever since Mr. David Cope opened his book in 1895 — an ever-increasing number of sportsmen have agreed that they can "depend on Cope's" for a speedy off-the-course bookmaking service. Cope's Confidential Credit Service offers you complete dependability and friendly personal attention. Write today for your free copy of Cope's illustrated brochures.

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**COPE'S**  
The World's Best Known Turf Accessories

Please send me a free copy of your new 1952 illustrated brochures. (I am over 21 years of age.)

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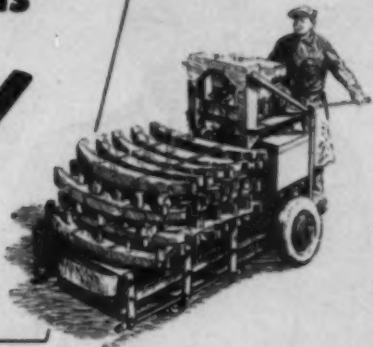
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PU-45

DAVID COPE LTD., Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4

Industry's choice is  
\*  
**BATTERY  
TRUCKS**



**CHEAP TO RUN**

The only "fuel" cost is battery charging: a few pence per 8 hour day for platform trucks—less than 2/- for 2-ton Fork Lift trucks.

**SPEEDY**

Instant starting. High acceleration. Quick manoeuvring.

**EASY TO MAINTAIN**

Battery charged automatically and correctly without supervision. Simple truck design calls for little maintenance which is easily carried out by existing staff. Specialist fitters not required.



**SIMPLE TO OPERATE**

A youth can learn to operate the simple controls in a few lessons.

**FUMELESS AND CLEAN**

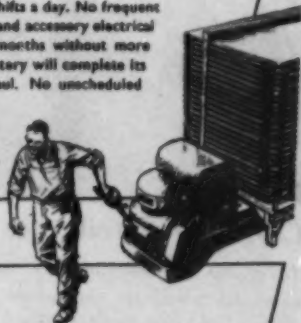
No contamination of air, factory or of goods in production.

**RELIABLE**

Can work three 8-hour shifts a day. No frequent overhauls. Electric motor and accessory electrical equipment will work for months without more than routine inspection. Battery will complete its working life without overhaul. No unscheduled time out of service.

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No inflammable fuel. No sparks.



For mechanical handling at lowest cost

**ELECTRIC TRUCKS POWERED BY**

**Exide-Ironclad  
BATTERIES**

Guaranteed for 4 years

VPI 4

\* The Battery Traction Dept. of Chloride Batteries Limited, Exide Works, Clifton Junction, near Manchester, will gladly discuss with you any aspect of electric traction



### Clothing Attributes

To appear dignified and not dandified, to be nonchalant without carelessness and to look distinguished without affectation—are some of the attributes of Drescott clothes which become part of the personality of the Drescott-tailored man. You will find Drescott clothes in good quality stores all over the country, including the West End of London.



An announcement by  
**DRESCOTT CLOTHES LTD of DUDLEY**  
in the county of Worcester

CY-320



**"Play-Boy"**  
Pat. No. 392727

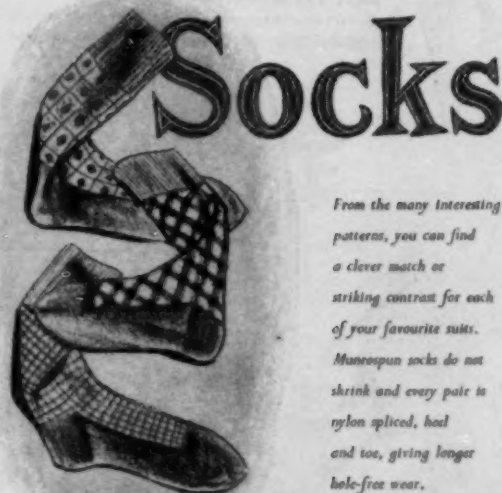
ALSO AVAILABLE FOR WOMEN



WORLD FAMOUS

**"Play-Boy"**  
'CHUKKA' BOOT

BOTH MODELS WITH PATENTED CRADLE CONSTRUCTION



From the many interesting patterns, you can find a clever match or striking contrast for each of your favourite suits. Manroopun socks do not shrink and every pair is nylon apliced, heel and toe, giving longer hole-free wear.



Write for name of nearest Munroopun stockist for socks, to: Munro & Company Ltd. (Dept. P.2.), Rentalrig, Edinburgh





*See that your writing paper  
bears the watermark:*

**SPLICERS**

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SCOTCH LIQUEUR



*A sight to gladden the heart of men!*

RONALD MORRISON & CO. LTD., EDINBURGH



*versatility in glass*

Glass was first made in the Sunderland district over a thousand years ago. Today, and for some generations, the works of James A. Jobling and Co. Ltd. have been producing an ever increasing range of articles and instruments from a variety of glasses including the famous 'Pyrex' brand, the original heat resisting glass in the world

## FOR 'LOCAL' USE

—the 'barrel' pint beer mug seen in bars from Sunderland to Singapore. Made in the Flint Glass section of Joblings

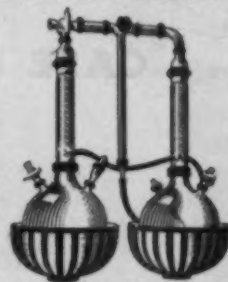


## FOR LABORATORIES

—a graduated beaker, one of a range of many different shapes and sizes. Made of 'Pyrex' glass to resist heat and thermal shock

## FOR FOOD AND DRINK

—a protein hydrolysing plant used in 'patent food', soft-drink and chemical manufacture; for example to make protein more digestible or more soluble. This Unit is made of Joblings 'Pyrex'



AND FOR THE HOME—THE GENUINE  
*original oven-to-table glass*

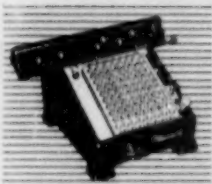


JAMES A. JOBLING & CO. LTD. WEAR GLASS WORKS SUNDERLAND



The Answer's a

# Monroe



With a Monroe adding-calculator the most complicated calculations are as easy as a five-finger exercise—and among the wide range of Monroe models there is one exactly suited to the volume and variety of your requirements.

... the answer, of course, is a Monroe.

**MONROE**

CALCULATING MACHINE COMPANY LIMITED  
10-11 Alderman Street, London, W.1. GROSVEOR 7541

## CASE LAW

In packaging practice, one law is well established—a weak case invites heavy damage. That is why more and more products are being entrusted to the planned protection of the Medway corrugated case. Not only is it specifically designed for both contents and mode of conveyance. It also folds flat for storage and, being non-returnable, saves space, time and trouble. And with every clean well-printed Medway case, your good name is as safe as your product.

**MEDWAY**

The case for better packaging

THE MEDWAY CORRUGATED PAPER CO. LTD., NEWHYTHE, MAIDSTONE, KENT

London Sales Office: Blackfriars House, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.4

DIVISION OF THE **Reed** PAPER GROUP

## The man who loved dogs...



**BOB MARTIN'S**—it's a household name to-day! How did it start? The story begins with one man, a man who loved dogs. The late Robert William Martin spent a lifetime in the study and care of dogs. He knew that show-dogs had to be fit to win. Thus was formulated what he was later to term a "condition powder," which brought dogs into perfect condition and kept them there.

Breeders used this preparation with such success that early in this century it was decided to make the preparation available to the public. To-day, from the Bob Martin laboratories at Southport, Condition Powder Tablets are despatched to nearly every part of the globe.

Why do more than a million dogs in Great Britain have their Bob Martin's regularly? Why should your dog need conditioning?

Well, for one thing, it is almost impossible for you to give him an ideal diet these days. And the exercise you give him may not always be enough. For these reasons, the average dog is not thoroughly fit. That is why you so often see such symptoms as listlessness, loss of appetite, excessive scratching and poor coat. They're all signs of loss of condition well known to the experienced dog-owner.

What's in Bob Martin's?

Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets contain vitamins

of the B Group, vitamin D and calcium, iron and other minerals. These vitamins and minerals are vitally necessary for doggy good health and they are the ones your dog often doesn't get in his food. By improving his appetite and making sure he gets the full nourishment from his food, and by toning-up the dog's whole system, they provide a natural safeguard against loss of condition.



Now the hot weather's coming, look for the danger signs given below.

If hot days make your dog listless, moody or lacking in energy; if he leaves his dinner half finished or eats it without enthusiasm; if his coat, after its change in spring, looks lifeless, dull and thin, or if he scratches a great deal; then he's out of condition.

Deal with this loss of condition at once, before it seriously affects his health. Give Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets regularly.

When you see the difference this simple treatment makes, then ask yourself:

Is my dog brim full of energy, bursting with high spirits?

Does he wolf down his dinner and leave the plate as clean as a whistle?

Has he a thick dense coat, bright eyes and a cold damp nose?

If you can say "Yes" to all three, then you know he's in perfect condition...

## ... and that's Bob Martin condition!



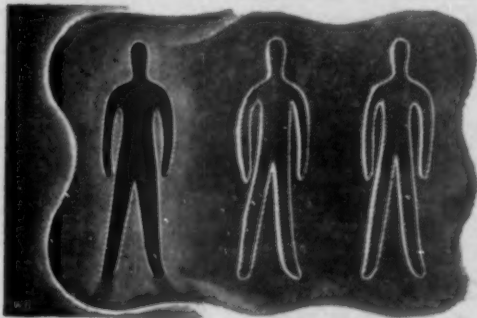
Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets from chemists and pet shops. 10d. and 2/-.

# 2 out of 3

*of the world's total population of 2,400,000,000*

## live a life untouched by electrical power

CIVILISED LIFE, as we know it today, based on power applied to the machine, is little more than 150 years old. As yet, less than one third of the world's total population enjoy the full benefits of electricity — the modern source of power for industry. The great mass of mankind still live on a primitive grain economy and are supplied, for the most part, by village handicrafts. They use the same modes of production, the same sources of power, light and heat that were used 2,000 years ago.



The Indian peasant crouching over his fire of dried cow dung; the Mexican peon shuffling along dusty tracks to his water hole; the Egyptian fellah trudging behind his water buffalo; the African tribesman squatting in his mud hut — these are typical of the living standards endured by 2 out of 3 of the world's population today. This is the measure of the task before the industrial west. With a world population increasing at a rate of over 20,000,000 a year, living standards in backward regions cannot be raised quickly without electrical power — power that can be applied to the machine. And until the living standards

of these backward regions are raised, political doctrines that threaten the free world are certain to flourish and spread.

**In 1951, over 70% of the output of  
THE BRUSH ABOE GROUP was exported**

THE BRUSH ABOE GROUP has been formed from a number of old-established British engineering companies with a high reputation for the design and making of diesel engines and electrical generating and distribution equipment.

Production has been rationalised and a world marketing network developed in order to meet the world's urgent and ever-growing demand for industrial power. The group produces every week over 2,000 internal combustion engines ranging in power from 3 h.p. to nearly 3,000 h.p. In 1951 over 70% of this vast output was exported — mainly to the backward regions of the world. The exported output of THE BRUSH ABOE GROUP accounted for 34% of the total United Kingdom exports of diesel engines and diesel generating sets and exceeded the total exports of similar plant from the United States. There are almost unlimited opportunities in front of THE BRUSH ABOE GROUP as it tackles one of the world's most pressing economic problems — the supply of quickly installed and easily serviced plant that can be used immediately as a source of industrial power.

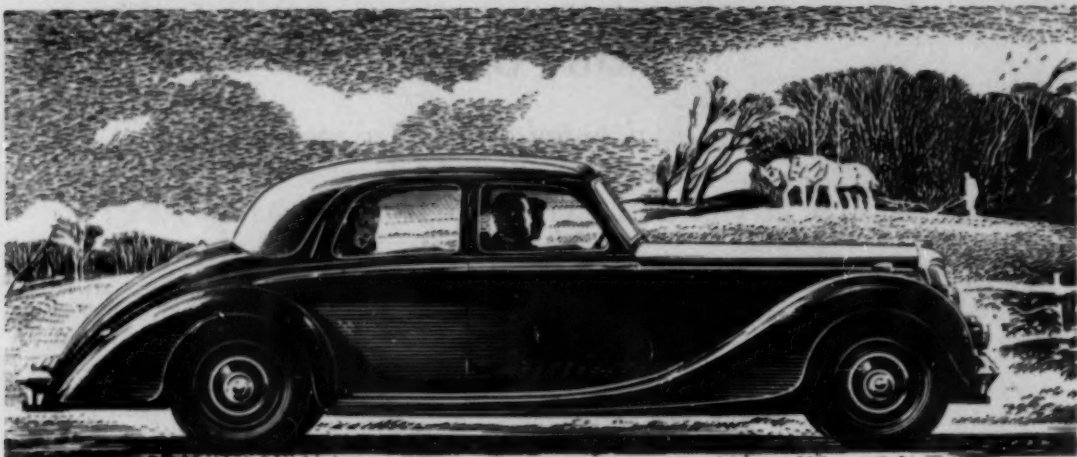


The Group is also helping the country's export drive to the utmost of its resources through the very high proportion of its total output that is sold for foreign currency.

EXPORTING POWER THAT THE WORLD MAY BE FREE

THE  
**BRUSH ABOE**  
GROUP

*Direct engines and electric equipment for use on land and sea produced by THE BRUSH ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING CO. LTD. and ASSOCIATED BRITISH CO. ENGINEERS  
Atterless, Dickinson and Day Ltd., Peters Ltd., J. and H. McLaren Ltd., The National Gas and Oil Engines Co. Ltd. and Henry Meadows Ltd.*



### Where figures fail

Performance figures for the Riley 2½ litre are impressive by any standards.

They tell a story of flashing acceleration and a maximum of over 100 m.p.h. But they cannot describe the quality of the distinctive, individually built Riley. They cannot tell how engine, steering, suspension, brakes and even body, all blend to give Riley character.

Owning and driving a Riley are two of the real pleasures that words cannot describe.

2½ litre Saloon. 1½ litre Saloon.

RILEY MOTORS LIMITED, Sales Division, COWLEY, OXFORD.

London Showrooms: "RILEY CARS", 55-56 PAUL MALL, S.W.1.

Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford and 41 Piccadille, London, W.1.



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a copy  
home

Ask at any branch of Lloyds Bank for a copy of this new booklet, specially written from the woman's point of view. It describes the advantages a woman obtains from handling her own financial affairs through the Bank, and shows how simple it is to open an account.

Let **LLOYDS BANK**  
look after your interests



*Supreme  
in Action*

WORN  
and  
ENDORSED  
by  
**FRED PERRY**

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A POLIKOFF PRODUCTION

Obtainable from leading men's shops and stores

For your nearest stockist write: 295 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1



Photo by Stanger





## Eternal Characters

There are two peculiar things about the keys on an Olympia typewriter. The characters are *incised* (and so they never wear out); and the key tops themselves are shaped to fit the tips of your fingers, to make typing pleasant (and they really do!).

The redesigning of the old 'cut-button' type of keys is small stuff compared with some of the improvements you'll find on the Olympia. For this really is a standard machine that has been condensed, by design (not by elimination), to the size, weight and price of a portable. This condensation has been achieved despite the Olympia's extra time-and-trouble-saving device, *lined alongside*.

The first essential of a typewriter, however, will always be sound construction,

for only that ensures consistently fine typing, and keeps a typewriter out of the repair-shop. The Olympia has this sound construction, and, in addition, is made from high-quality materials. It is our boast that this is the best-made, best-designed typewriter that will be available for the next few years.

Now please don't take us at our word. Go and try one out for yourselves!

Standard keyboard plus \* (- and +)

- Finger-tip form keys with isolated characters
- Type curved to fit curve of paper
- Spacing intervals of 1, 1½ and 2 lines
- Accelerated key return for faster typing
- Touch adjuster
- 'Cushioned' shift levers
- Telescopic paper holder
- Instant-and-even-grip paper feed
- 8 good carbons on ordinary paper
- 12 good carbons on air mail paper
- Weight: 14 lbs. (without Case)
- Breadth: 13½"; Depth: 12½"; Height: 6"
- Available in Black, Burgundy or Olive Green.



# Olympia

THE PRECISION-BUILT TYPEWRITER

LONDON SHOWROOMS: 206, FINCHLEY ROAD, N.W.3. HAM 8575

**A NEW old-style  
pipe tobacco  
at 4/- an ounce**



ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED



GOOD CARS HAVE

# BRITISH LEATHER UPHOLSTERY

For luxurious comfort there's nothing like Leather

Adequate supplies are now available

\* a lot of  
lather.. in a little  
**INGRAM**

Ingram gives you a quick, comfortable shave—followed by a reassuring, menthol-cool freshness. Why? Because Ingram shaving cream combines its own face lotion. Try a tube tomorrow! You'll like the plentiful Ingram lather and the generous tube.

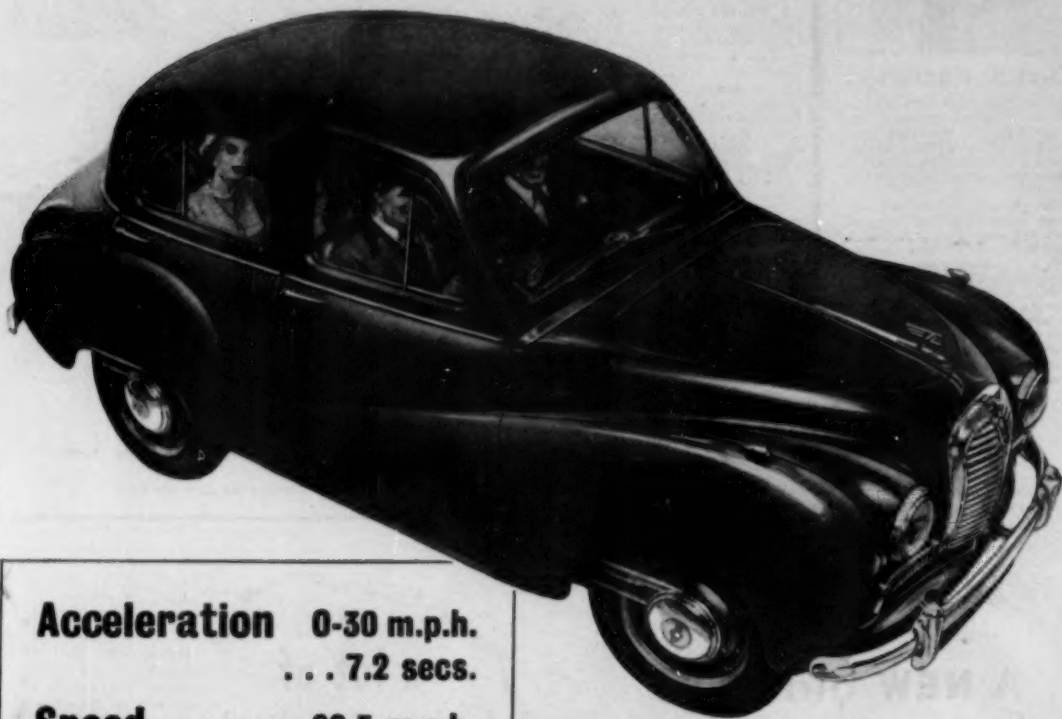


*combines its  
own face lotion*

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS, LONDON AND NEW YORK

53/17

# SOMERSET PERFORMANCE!



**Acceleration** 0-30 m.p.h.  
... 7.2 secs.

**Speed** ..... 69.3 m.p.h.

**M.p.g.** .... 40 at 40 m.p.h.

*(Figures by kind permission of the "Motor")*

"The successor to Europe's most popular car offers an unusual combination of performance, comfort and economy." That's how the 'Motor' headlined their road test of the new A40 Somerset.

Their report said... "we found in the course of some 1,000 miles of motoring that the A40 Somerset was a

very marked improvement on the A40 Devon. It continues to have an altogether unexpectedly high performance and is... endowed with good springing and acceptable cornering characteristics. There is ample luggage space and an arrangement of seats, fittings and furnishings which shows that both the user aspect and engineering considerations have been kept in mind... When one adds to these qualities a smart external appearance, ease of parking and mechanical running, one may safely predict that the Austin Company have managed to follow up one best seller with another.

## AUSTIN—you can depend on it!



— they have such a good name

Before you  
say SQUASH say  
**ROBINSON'S**

*Robinson's  
Squashes —  
Orange or Lemon*

*Made by Robinson's of Barley Water fame*



# Wild Silk Shantung-taffetas Wedding Brocades Woven Organzas

By the yard at

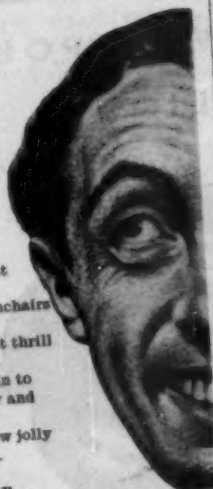
## Jacqmar

16 GROSVENOR STREET W.1

But, please, no patterns!



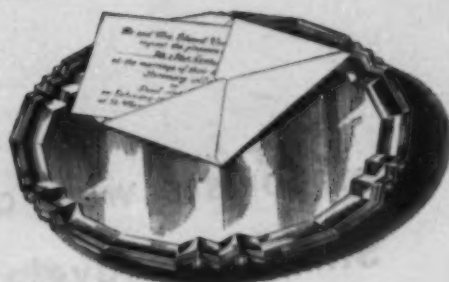
honeymoon  
for  
two



It's roses, roses all the way when you first buy a television set. Front row of the dress circle every night, comfortable armchairs for seats; and no bus to catch home. But there comes a moment when the first thrill of ownership is over. You become more choosy about the programmes. You begin to look at your screen a bit more critically and compare it with your neighbour's. And that's when you begin to realise how jolly clever you were to choose a Murphy set.

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*When you are invited*

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*particularly for men's skin*



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## CHARIVARIA

"THE Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II," says the *Gainsborough Evening News*, "fixed for Tuesday, June 2, 1953, will affect Gainsborough market, which may have to be transferred to another day." Unless, of course, some alternative arrangement can be made.

By its offer to floodlight London for nothing this summer the London Electricity Board has pierced the sombre economic picture with a broad white shaft of sheer altruism. "Lights will go on—FREE" said the headlines, and the ordinary man felt, quite suddenly, that the world was a better place; someone, even in these hard-bitten times, was going to get ten thousand pounds' worth of something for nothing. He was not entirely clear, perhaps, about who was going to get it, because the complexities of Government finance under nationalization make it hard to keep track of a mere ten thousand hopping from one ministerial petty-cash box into another; but his heart was uplifted, all the same. It is to be hoped that he will hear no disgruntled cavillings from residents in the Board's area who expect to find a slight increase in their forthcoming electricity bills to help with the cost of illuminating, say, the National Gallery. They, after all, have less grounds for complaint than last year's Festival taxpayers who made possible a similar radiance around the headquarters of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue at Somerset House.

Proposed extra tax on receipts at association football matches will add to directors' financial anxieties; already the raised bank rate, combined with Government-imposed lending restrictions adopted by the banks, has given them plenty to think about during

the brief respite of the cricket season, and there is a danger that players' transfer fees next season may sometimes fall below five figures. The banker, it seems, is reluctant to lend money without security, and the only security the average club is able to offer is a grandstand or two which, the banker argues, is not easily turned into hard cash. But surely a club's most acceptable security is its players? Any banker of vision should be glad to have a hundred thousand pounds' worth of half-backs under hypothecation; a club might in certain cases—readers may make their own selection—lodge the whole team as security and buy a new one with the money.

Lecturing to a publicity association a well-known woman columnist and adviser on human problems has given a character-reading of the British by counties. She found, for example, that Shropshire men and women were chiefly anxious for advice on points of etiquette, while those in Dorset tended to seek guidance on the settling of domestic disputes. She had formed the opinion that in Yorkshire the men were "clever and ambitious," the women "practical and wise." The lecture was in Bradford.

There is to be a saving on wigs in the National Health Service. It might be most profitable to concentrate on a few of the big ones.

The request by Mr. Solomons that neither Mr. Turpin nor Mr. Cockell shall take risks by aeroplane, car, motor-cycle, cycle or horse until after their



light-heavyweight meeting next month has given a timely boost to the receipts of British Railways and the Road Passenger Executive. Its other effects have been to make pedestrians feel reassured, other road-users under-insured, air travellers much as they would feel in any case and horses quietly grateful.

A radio critic confesses to his readers that he missed most of the earliest talkies. But he needn't despair; he should be able to catch up with them by getting a TV set.

Entrants for a competition promoted by a manufacturer of soap substitutes may receive a year's supply of each of six products, running into several hundred giant packets. Husbands of winners living in old, pre-damp-course houses should negotiate for an additional clause in their domestic insurance policies, giving suitable cover should the house become transformed overnight into a single, gigantic sud.

A conference about the new Comets was held in one of them during a flight arranged for the purpose. The inevitable extension of this idea was soon afterwards heralded by the headline, "Race stewards hold inquiry on horse."

The disclosure that a West End club employs detectives to keep observation on policemen keeping observation on the club has intensified public anxiety over the present low figures of police recruitment. Only an early expansion of the force can resolve this stalemate, by providing more policemen to keep observation on the detectives employed to keep observation on the policemen keeping observation on the club.

Payroll bandits, it was recently stated in court, often hang about for weeks before the opportune moment arrives to bring off a haul. It pays them, of course, to await the outcome of any fresh wage negotiations that may be pending.



"... then, finally, we designed the most scientifically functional chair it is possible to conceive; and this, I am sorry to say, is it."



## SMART SET

"NO, it isn't the money. I dare say we could scrape up enough for the deposit and the first instalment."

"Then what's the objection? Are you waiting for colour?"

"I wish I could explain . . ."

"Don't tell me it's the ladder gangs!"

"Eh?"

"You know—they're supposed to break into houses while the inmates are televiewing."

"I can't imagine a burglar risking his neck for a set of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*."

"Then you must be thinking of the effect on the children's homework?"

"John's much too keen on his cricket to bother with television, and Milly's only five, you know."

"Then I'm baffled! I don't know how anybody can afford to be without television these days."

"I know it sounds ridiculous, but . . ."

"But what? Wait a minute: I think I *know* what the trouble is."

"You do?"

"Yes, but I'm very surprised—I thought you'd be above such snobbishness. Most of the people living near you have TV sets, I take it!"

"Many of them, yes. Why?"

"Not having a television set is considered rather smart these days, isn't it?"

"Rubbish!"

"You could have an indoor aerial, you know. Nobody need ever know your little secret."

"Very funny, but you're right off the scent. If I told you the real reason you wouldn't believe me."

"You've got electricity?"

"Of course."

"Then I give up. Unless . . ."

"Ah!"

"Unless, you're afraid you'd find yourself in the same boat as Charlie Wilkinson."

"And what particular craft was that?"

"Charlie had to get rid of his set because the neighbours were always inviting themselves in. It was

costing him a bottle of South African sherry a week."

"But I told you that my neighbours already have television."

"So you did. Curiouser and curiouser."

"Give up!"

"There's nothing the matter with your eyesight?"

"Nothing."

"And you're not afraid that television would ruin your trade with the 'Rose and Crown'?"

"Not really."

"Then I do give up."

"Well, I told you that you wouldn't believe me. I'm such a hopeless sentimentalist that I can't bear the thought of . . . You see, when I think of all the news and plays and music and talks and commentaries and so on that my old wireless set has given me over the past twenty years . . ."

"You've had it that long?"

"February, 1932. When I think

of all the happiness it has given me I couldn't possibly let it sit there idle and neglected, in the shadow of a splendid new TV cabinet. I couldn't stand it. It would be awful—like kicking a dog or selling an old blazer. D'you understand? I don't suppose you do."

"My dear chap, of course I do. I know exactly how you feel."

"Honestly?"

"Honestly. That's why I was trying to interest you in it."

"In what?"

"My television set. I'm trying to find a really good home for it."

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

6 6

## IN A TOWN GARDEN

LOVELIEST of trees, the cherry now  
Is hung with bloom along the bough,  
As every urchin by my fence  
Notes for future reference.



## NON-FICTION CHOICE

IF you read *Lady and Leisure* you may have seen my letter on the page where they answer readers' queries:

Dear Pauline Prune (I wrote)—

We have been married nearly sixteen years and my wife, who is a great reader, has formed the habit of impersonating the people she is reading about. In particular, she adopts the facial expressions of the characters. I feel this is threatening our marriage, because it makes it impossible for me to concentrate on my paper in the evenings and so keep abreast of world news. I cannot tell my wife about it, because unless she is reading she talks continuously. Yours, etc.—and I signed it WORRIED, because I thought my wife might notice if I put Hackenstraw.

Pauline Prune answered as follows:

WORRIED. From what you tell me, I should say that you and your wife have unconsciously drifted apart, and I suggest you try to get her interested in something about the home. Why not distemper that old attic a pale shade of pastel green, or make an exciting window-box (full details on p. 37)? Another way to tackle the problem would be to introduce your wife to the non-fiction kind of book where there are no characters.

I suggested to my wife we should distemper the old attic a pale shade of pastel green and she was very taken with the idea; so the next day I had Miss Podmarsh, my secretary, go out and buy a tin of the stuff and a brush which cost 44s. 8d. That evening when we'd had tea I said to my wife "Well, now for that old attic!" and she said "That's right. You make a start while I finish my book."

"What book is that?" I said.

"Pale Hands," my wife said. It was a book Miss Podmarsh had brought into the office. I'd glanced through it.

When I'd finished the attic I came down. My wife was wading through the last chapters where Deirdre Foggon and her husband, Fane, come together again after Natalie has decided to return to the convent. I put the tin of distemper on the piano. My wife was looking at me with a warped expression which told me she had come to the bit where Natalie comes to say good-bye.

She took a long look at Fane. "You will forget all this," her eyes said softly, "and so shall I . . ."

This is a difficult piece to render, especially the five dots. I sat down and opened up my newspaper, but I couldn't read it, because I had to keep peering round the edge to see how my wife was getting on. There was a passage, about page 371, where Potto, the Fane's little dog, wags its tail as if to say *Everything's going to be all right*, which I felt would need watching, and there was the last sentence in the book: *Deirdre didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "Yes," she smiled huskily, "we've both been fools!"*

I went and put the cat out when I saw this looming

up, and then we went to bed. I had a bad dream in which a little dog with a face like Miss Podmarsh's kept smiling huskily at Pauline Prune. Next day I went and bought the Book Society's Non-Fiction Choice: *King Solomon's Ring*. The assistant said it had no characters in it—only animals.

I came home early so that I could hide the copy of *Painted Lips*, which is a novel containing a large number of passages where the heroine gurgles silently and drops her eyes. We settled down after tea, and when my wife had had a good bunt for *Painted Lips* I said perhaps she'd like to glance at this non-fiction I'd brought. She took it, and I got on with my paper, pausing every now and then to watch her face. It was impassive, not to say dead-pan, yet interested. I congratulated myself and Pauline Prune.

Everything went well for quite a long time, and I had just got into an article about the deflationary-inflationary boom-reaction spiral when my wife spoke.

"Quahg, gegegegeg," she said. "Quahg, gegegegeg!"

"Eh?" I said, keeping a firm grip on myself.

"Quahg, gegegegeg," my wife said again. "It's the mother-call of the mallard duck. I was just trying it. Rangangangang, rangangangang—that's the greylag goose."

I folded up my paper. "Oh," I said. "Well, I think I'll go to bed." I went up and took a bromide and I could hear my wife downstairs, arguing with herself.

"Kia, kia," she was saying. "Kia, kia, kia! Krackrackcrack!"

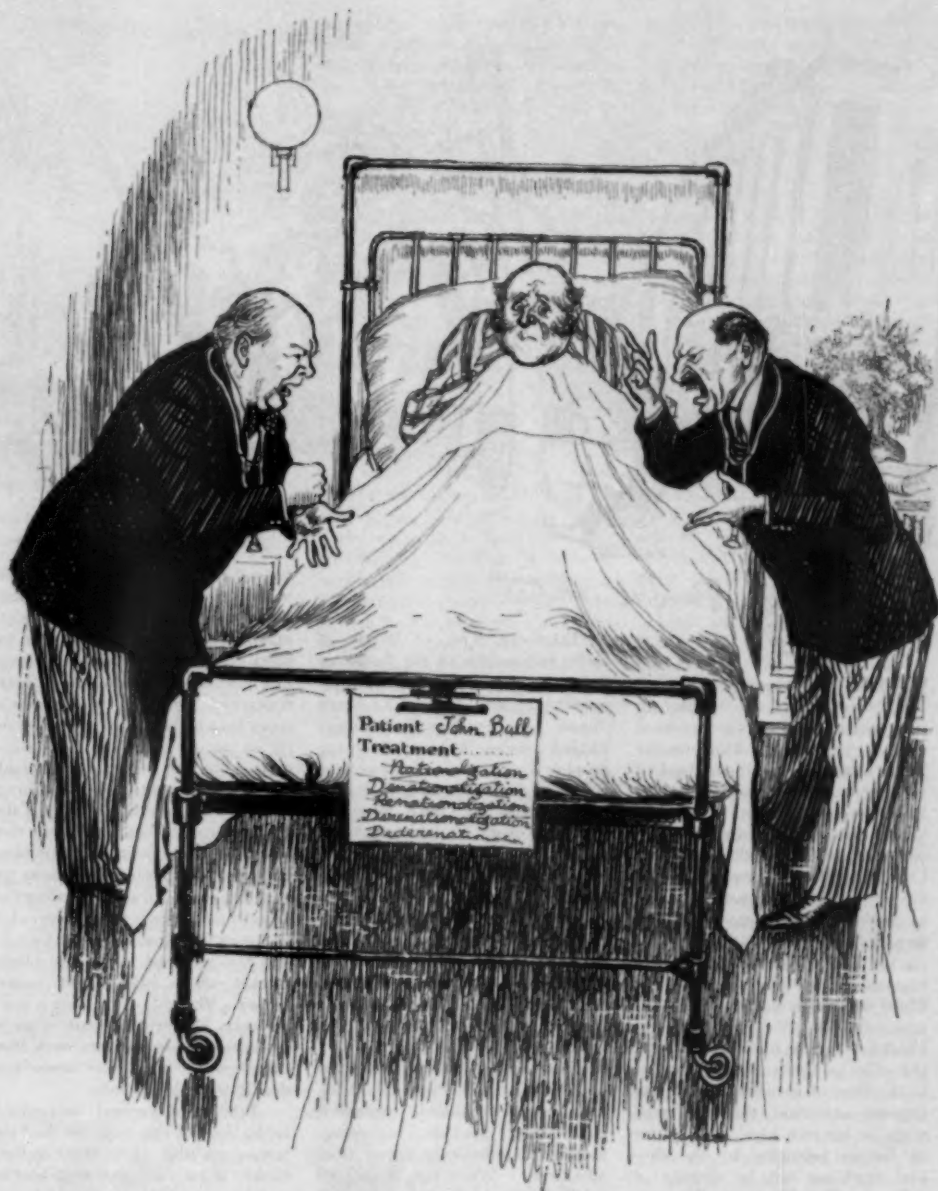
I must have dropped off to sleep, because the next thing I knew there was a noise from the backyard like a pig being killed. I leapt out of bed, threw up the window, and stuck my head out. All around people were throwing up windows. "What's that?" I shouted.

"It's the flight-call of the greater yellow-crested cockatoo," my wife said from the darkness below, where she was standing on the kitchen step. "I thought it might disturb you if I tried it indoors." She made the noise again, and one of the neighbours said she was sending for the police. It took some time before everything settled down.

This evening I brought home two novels Miss Podmarsh recommended: *She Was Only a Typist* and *Bereft*. My wife won't look at them. She's been to the public library and got out a book called *Sea-Elephants of the Antarctic*.

"Everywhere in Canada the same bustling activity prevails: the biggest aluminium smelting plant in the world is being built in the North of British Columbia; natural gas supplies are also being developed in Alberta; uranium mines are being built in Saskatchewan."—*Evening Standard*

Feather-bedding the prospectors a bit, isn't it?



AND IF THE PATIENT DIES . . . ?

Both: "If you take it out, I shall put it back again."



WHEN the keen-eyed poker player behind the counter in the Customs shed asks if you have anything to declare, and you wonder if the bottle of cognac wrapped in your pyjamas has a sporting chance, I don't suppose it occurs to you that your opponent in this ancient deadpan game is a direct descendant of Chaucer. The pungency of "The Canterbury Tales" must owe a lot to the knowledge of mortal failings he picked up during his twelve years on the job. Knowing how fond Chaucer was of travel, Edward the Third was exceedingly cagey in his appointment: "The King grants to Geoffrey Chaucer, his beloved squire, the office of Controller of Customs in the Port of London—but on the express condition that he shall write in his own hand the register or entries belonging to his office and shall not act by deputy or enlistment." Trips to Florence, covered by a second cousin, were not on.

Our earliest record referring to Customs is of a grant, in A.D. 742.

by Ethelbald, King of Mercia, of useful immunities to the Bishop of London, and it implies that Customs were then general. They form a strong thread running steadily through English social history, touching people's lives at their most sensitive points, and always quick to follow, with a cunning that must be admired even if it cannot be applauded, each new taxable development in public taste. For this reason we went hopefully to the Board of Her Majesty's Customs and Excise in Finsbury Square, and found one of the most fascinating private museums in the country. In it drama and history overflow. Nearly every exhibit seems to offer a plot for a novel.

The stills are the first things you notice; whole shelves of them, monuments to humble ingenuity, made from buckets, saucepans, kettles, watering-cans, even from oil-stoves. Whenever a still of original pattern is captured, up it comes to this museum to be fondled by the professors on the other side of the fence. The war brought some beauties, for the P.O.W. camps

teemed with thirsty men who could wring hard liquor from anything down to Army boots. The most majestic in the collection was run to earth in suspicious circumstances in a Highland croft, but the Officer concerned believed the crofter's story that he had bought it in a job lot at an auction. And inquiries cleared him; for General Gordon had used it innocently for distilling water in the desert. In spite of its renaissance during the war the illicit still is in decline. Prohibition drew our nimblest moonshiners to America (one of them appealing for a testimonial from the Officer who had sent him down for four years), and few returned. Now the black market offers bigger and easier money. The risk of running a still is severe. Detection is nearly always by smell. Excise Officers work like bloodhounds, and their noses are deadly up to half a mile.

Petty unorganized smuggling ranks large in this museum, and its neatest exhibit is two one-gallon tanks, worn like sandwich-boards and shaped to the chest and back, fashioned by an unlucky copper-smith in a distillery to brighten his journey home. At least he was a lovely craftsman. But it is in the





equipment of the big Continental rings that we find real imagination: a suitcase with a sliding panel for currency (rumbled on its first trip by an Officer puzzled by three screws in eccentric order), barrel-staves with slots for hashish-bags, an intimidating work on higher mathematics that carried £2,500 inside its slim cover.

How on earth, we were driven to ask, are such masterpieces ever spotted among the great volume of traffic? The answer is that there is little hit-or-miss in modern methods. The Preventive Officer—our poker-faced friend in blue—is trained in practical psychology, and develops by experience a sixth sense in the behaviour of the human face;

not only amateurs twitch or stutter when a hand is laid on the right bag. Then he acquires an exhaustive knowledge of business habits. A crate arrives at Newhaven, said to contain eggs from Paris, and a glance tells him it is the wrong sort of crate. But all this personal skill would not be enough, now that high taxation has so much increased the incentive to smuggle, without the backing of the Investigation Branch, a minor Scotland Yard. It works closely with its opposite numbers abroad, and directs a non-stop battle of wits.

The museum has a rich armoury of flintlock weapons used in smuggling battles, the best of them a magnificent piece like a punt-gun that was fixed in the bows of a boat on a rowlock, and must have shattered many a stout ear-drum. Its chief prizes, however, are on paper. When we wrote, in January, about the Inland Revenue it seemed wonderful to find Wordsworth a respected Distributor of Stamps; but here is Robbie Burns an Exciseman in Dumfries, and here in a battered ledger is his confidential report. He was thirty-two, with three years service and seven in family; and they say of him "The poet, does pretty well" (he was about to be made a Supervisor when he died) in a list containing such telling entries about his colleagues as "A weak man, but sober," and "Can do, given to drink." Here, too, are his own notes, ink-blots and all, on an afternoon's visit to a brewery. This reality is somehow rather hard to grasp.

In another ledger, for 1767, we see the Customs establishment for New York, ten men; and we are shown the Commissions—very

unpopular—for levying Customs in all the American colonies. Burns is only one of the Department's highlights. Defoe was an Accountant of the Brick Duty; Horace Walpole, as one might have guessed, a sinecure collector, Adam Smith, on the other hand, an extremely hard-working Scottish Commissioner. Apart from Chaucer, I think Tom Paine the biggest find, not only because he managed to be twice sacked by a notably tolerant Board but because while in its employ he published the most savage pamphlets on the scale of its salaries. There is one exhibit that would have turned Boswell pale, Johnson, who hated the Excise, was invited by the Board to erase in the second edition of the dictionary his description of Excisemen as "wretches." He did no such thing, but by then was sufficiently well known to get away with his insolence. When the Custom House of the Port of London was bombed in 1940, however, a splinter exactly satisfied the Board's requirements.

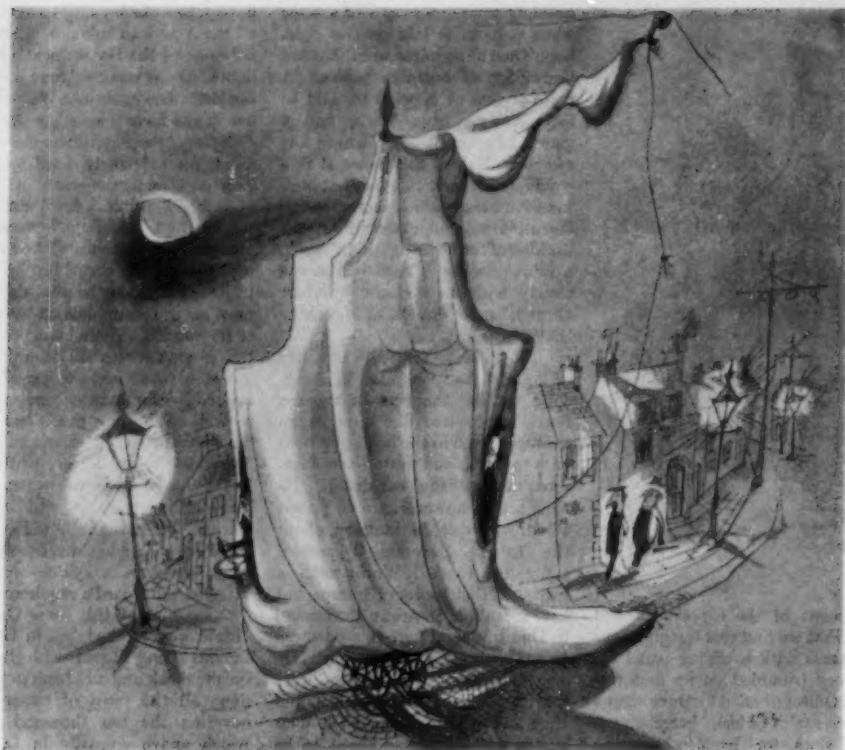
One end of this huge Custom House was wrecked, but in Laing's famous Long Room with its exquisite clock and wind-gauge is still done all the mass of paper-work covering the ten thousand ships which arrive annually in London "from parts beyond the seas." Chaucer's Custom House probably occupied the same site, and Churchman's Elizabethan model, which perished in the Great Fire, certainly did. Wren's was also burned.

Moored off the quay is the *Harpy*, a houseboat office which any family would envy for summer holidays, and from it the Water-guard goes off in its launches to meet vessels coming up the river. Have you ever looked out through ordinary domestic windows and seen Tower Bridge rising and falling gently with the swell? It makes one take a firmer grip on one's umbrella.

Last year the fifteen thousand, all told, of the Customs and Excise (a slightly smaller body than in 1939) collected over £1,000 million of revenue for us, or more than four times the pre-war figure. The cost was about 1½d. in the pound. I don't think we can complain.

ERIC KEOWN





*"Frightful fancy pas . . . pretend you haven't seen it . . . 'Last Tram' ceremony was last week, and then someone goes and discovers another one."*

## THE DEATH OF A YOUNG AMERICAN TALENT

I TOLD the idea to a girl on the Sunset Bus.

"What's the love interest?" she said.

"Well, there is a sort of love running through the whole thing."

"What's the Girl's name?" she said.

"It isn't anything like that," I said. "It isn't a matter of there being a Girl, and the Girl having a name, and being Crazy about a Boy, and all that."

She looked disappointed.

"I guess it wouldn't hurt to have one, at that," I said.

"Give them your encouragement," she said.

She said better than she knew. If they tangled a Girl into the story, they would need all the encouragement they could get.

The Producer's waiting-room was the kind where you could sit for hours and not feel you were intruding.

Early in the afternoon one of the secretaries called my name.

"Has your story got social significance?" she said. She was kidding me.

"I can fix that up either way," I said.

Later that day my turn came again.

"Will you see him here or in His Office?" she said.

"Inside," I said and went Inside.

"Is it something on paper?" the Producer said.

I began hastily to edit my notes.

"Of course," the Producer said encouragingly.

"The main thing is the Idea."

"Well, the Idea," I said, "is about this guy who writes screenplays about things he never saw any place but in movies that somebody wrote about things he never saw any place but in the movies."

"You are contemplating a moving social indictment of the shallowness of our contemporary culture feeding

upon itself like a snake swallowing its own tail!" the Producer asked, though not all in one breath.

I sat stunned for a moment. The Producer nodded with infinite understanding.

"And then," I said weakly, "his life changes."

"How?"

"Like in real life," I said. "It just changes, that's all."

"You're not by any chance being cagey with me, are you?"

"I swear I'm not."

He shot his next question at me from under lowered eyelids. "Where does the Entertainment come in?"

I looked up startled.

"Well, after all," I said. "I mean, well, that's your department. You can tie it in with a love story or something, can't you?"

"How?"

"I mean, take this guy. A brittle exterior covering a retarded and rather untidy inner life."

"Let's not start falling into these shallow platitudes," the Producer said. "I want Art."

"I couldn't give you anything else if I wanted to," I said. "It isn't in me."

"Nor in me," he said, softening. "But Art is a hard master."

"And a capricious mistress," I said.

He patted my shoulder.

"There aren't many young fellows like you around any more," he said. "They all sell themselves. They sell everything fine and decent in them. They'd sell their own..."

"... mother," I said.

"How soon can you have the screenplay for me?" he asked suddenly.

I shifted uncomfortably in my chair.

"Well," I said, "what I really had in mind was to stand at the director's elbow, more or less, and, like an artist painting on canvas, block in the outlines, juggle with the perspectives, tear out those brilliant little touches which would threaten the overall structure with a life of their own, till the film gradually began to take shape under my hands."

The Producer nodded absently as he stubbed out his cigar.

"What's the matter, can't you write?" he asked me, not without a trace of sympathy.

"I can write good," I said. "But I thought you wanted Art."

"I do," the Producer said. "I assure you I do."

"Well, if you want me to write," I said, "it's okay with me. But I'll have to have some money to get my typewriter back."

"Oh, money I can't give you," the Producer said, shaking his head. "But you can live at my house and use one of my typewriters."

"All right," I said after some hesitation.

"If you see my daughter around, just forget about her. She already has plenty of friends."

"How old a daughter?" I said.

"Nineteen."

I bit my lip.

"No good!" he asked worriedly.

I shrugged. "It's just that I probably won't get a stitch of work done."

"You overestimate the girl," he said. "It's because you've never seen her."

"That may be it," I said.

We spent the afternoon whipping the story into shape, and in the evening we stopped by my room, and I filled a small suitcase with clean underwear and canned food.

His house overlooked a winding canyon on the north side of Beverly Hills, and could easily have been held by a platoon against an armoured division.

Somewhere, deep in the house, a piano went silent as we entered. "My daughter," the Producer said. "Just forget about her."

A moment later she came skipping down the marble staircase.

"Has your screenplay got love interest?" she asked me.

"Why not?" the Producer said with annoyance.

"It will have love interest all right."

"A lot of integrity you leave them," she said bitterly.

"We'll hear no more about it," he said.

He showed me to my room. There was enough clean paper on those shelves to make George B. Shaw and all his type look like pikers. He emptied the wastebasket, showed me how to use the air-vent, and the quickest way to the atom-shelter, and told me there was a hotplate and some pans around somewhere.

"I guess you realize, my boy," he said, "I'm taking quite a gamble with you."

I sagged on to the bed and stretched myself luxuriously.

"Yes," I said after a while. "I suppose you are, at that."

S. WINCHELBERG





## WRITING

*A sort of celebration of "Dating," the new novel by Henry Green*

"**B**UT while I sit here pen in hand, I ask you."  
"Oh you are" his wife moaned.

George Stubbs placed one finger on a key of his typewriter and of the other hand a finger, for he had taught himself typing, on another. When these were pressed the letters I and N were expected to result.

"It's his ninth novel" he counted. "I'm sort of celebrating it. He's made a what they say when founding a school is under discussion."

"It's the tenth book." She could count too.

"*Pack My Bag* was autobiography, you forget that. I just looked. I think it's the only one I never got hold of."

"I remember it's your birthday coming" she told him. "Hints I can't bear, people should say straight out."

"I'll get it from the library" said George Stubbs. "You hope."

Having typed I and N he now typed G. There had been three or four other letters before these.

"There's the title done. All his titles are like that, all his novel titles. Participles."

"Oh if it's participles now. Anything to throw it in my face. You are a beast, George, or have I told you?" Her name was Stephanie, a large well covered woman with one of her shoes off after supper.

"My dear girl." Down hung his hands. "Why do you put on this I can only call it an act? You must have been taught about participles, no one can avoid it. Just you not taking it in isn't my fault."

"So I suppose it's mine do you mean" she repiningly wailed.

Mr. Stubbs found himself a prey to temptations. Manfully he battled against these.

"I didn't say that" he pronounced.

"You meant it, I bet you did" she insisted.

"I ought to know what I mean oughtn't I" he indignantly replied. He raised his hands again to the keys of the typewriter and produced a short straight line by tapping one of these several times.

"You forget" said Mrs. Stephanie Stubbs in quite a strong voice. "I mean all the implications. That's

the way you have to read Henry Green dialogue, stiff with them it is."

"Implications" he wonderingly repeated.

"There" she accused in a thin wail. "You didn't even think I knew the word, surprised you are, George, one can see with half an eye. Oh what a beast."

"I'm a beast because I'm surprised? Don't mind me, exaggerate blue in the face." Now the first words under the already typed title were engaging the attention of Mr. Stubbs.

"Inverted commas is the first thing" he proclaimed pressing the shift key with the first finger of his large left hand. "The dialogue is the great thing, you are I must say right about that. So there they are." Raking the keyboard with his eyes he tapped a key at the top left corner of this.

The wife stooping, breathing heavily, crammed her foot into her small shoe.

"Oh do be reasonable George" she cried with what appeared to be exasperation. "You writing dialogue like Henry Green, there's such a thing as being absurd."

"I can try can't I."

"Trying doesn't mean the tiniest thing, you need an ear. Anybody'll tell you."

"I have an ear I think I may say" he declared in a satisfied voice.

"I know the one you mean" Mrs. Stubbs blandly smiled. "But even the way it sticks out is no proof."

These words were not noticed by George Stubbs, whose mind was on his work.

"I remember about participles now" his wife announced with a sort of humble triumph, then moved towards the door of this room in their flat, in London, in 1952. "Nothing isn't a participle, I've caught you out, George. All his novel titles were participles was what you laid down the law about, but his last one was called *Nothing*."

"Don't I know" he replied without paying much attention to his exultant spouse, who was now leaving the room. "Nor was *Blindness* if I may draw your attention to the fact" he added. "I just wondered how long it would take you to realize. I must remember





not to put a comma in here, he dispenses with commas at the end of quotes" he reminded himself.

Stephanie Stubbs walked out of the door, after which she slammed this.

The husband went on typing for about half an hour, and then the wife returned carrying a suitcase.

"Well goodbye, George" she said with what might have been reluctance.

"Goodbye" he abstractedly rejoined. "Did you turn the light out in the bathroom, may one ask?"

On which she went out and slammed the door again.

Mr. Stubbs went on typing the first chapter of his novel. It was not till he had done several pages of this that he wondered whether she might have left him for good.

RICHARD MALLETT

### MARLOWE OF THE MOMENT

COME live with me and be my love—  
The housing problem may improve;  
If not, should mutual passion pause  
To share the shelter of in-laws!

We shall be often on the rocks,  
And families mean bills in flocks,  
But, on the other hand, the State  
To some degree will compensate.

I cannot prove my love with mink,  
But nylons, now and then—I think;  
And, if I can't provide a car,  
How snug and social buses are!

You'll have no trained handmaidens meek,  
But crones obliging twice a week,  
And I, a true domestic type,  
While you wash up will humbly wipe.

I cannot give you TV yet,  
But know some friends who own a set;  
If these delights your laughter move—  
Live elsewhere, with another love!

W. K. HOLMES



JOVIL  
LONDON



## DEFINITELY A MUST'N'T

IT has an all-star cast of unknowns and sounds as if made in an ice-riak between sessions. Phil, the principal character, is a racketeer posing as a special prosecutor, unless he is a special prosecutor posing as a racketeer; either way, the pretence is thin. He is in the D.A.'s office which has only one wall and most of it window. Beyond the window sways a skyscraper. The D.A. is worried, but not about the skyscraper; the newspapers are after his blood and he obviously needs all he has. A mob is threatening the American Way of Life, of which the D.A. professes to be in favour. Phil does not commit himself, but his steady gaze at the camera suggests that if he is not partial to the American Way of Life the director is at the double-cross.

The master mobster is known only as the Fox. Significant dialogue encourages the inference that his predominant trait is cunning. I suspect that the D.A. is the Fox, especially when he says "Phil, lay off. This thing's die-namite."

Phil can hardly be the Fox, or he would not squint at a burning match and murmur "I don't scare easy."

Phil is now in a pool-room, eyebrows beckoning one of the players. The player dips his cigar and goes with Phil into a side-room to share terse, obscure talk that sounds like something salvaged from an early Raymond Chandler waste-paper basket.

The player withdraws and Phil dials a number. A receiver is lifted by a well-dressed man with white hair parted in the middle. His manner of listening is decidedly vulpine. Phil says something cryptic and hangs up with a meaning smile. The irritation which this provokes is made clear by vehement rest-rattling and querulous reiteration of "Operator!" The elderly gentleman tries to sound commanding, but there is an unmistakable undertone of apprehension.

Now Phil is in the apartment of a lush lady who cannot act. No.

It is the pool-player, with a gun instead of a cigar. There is a shot. The lush lady staggers back, but the pool-player falls. A figure is glimpsed on a fire-escape. Whistles blow. A newspaper goes to press; huge black headlines race past too quickly to be read. Calendar leaves flick accelerando. A man wearing rimless glasses shouts "Flash!" We are told that the body of Jud Charlie or Judge Harley has been found in a black sedan newly taken from the East River.

Phil is back in the D.A.'s office. The skyscraper, now fixed, leans. Phil squints at a burning match and murmurs "Know who the Fox is!"

The effect of this question is dramatically withheld. Dance music comes blasting in. Phil sits alone at a table in a night-club alcove. Things have suddenly become sociable; for the first time more than five people are on the screen at once. The lush lady moves awkwardly on to the floor and sings a blues which has a range of three notes and is still beyond her.

Patrons regard their table-covers steadily; they seem to regret having

taken the job. The music stops suddenly, and the lush lady directs a sickly smile towards the north-west corner of the screen. The reason becomes evident as she pivots slowly, revealing a knife-handle between her shoulder-blades. She collapses and lies so still that she has beyond all peradventure had it. The camera retreats till the deceased is a tiny tableau picked out by ironical spotlight.

The spotlight swivels to an empty chair by the alcove table, which is brusquely replaced by a billiards table. A pyramid of balls is scattered as a siren sounds. Men load bulky objects on a truck in an ill-lit garage. Policemen in a car listen to a radio-call and one of them says "Let's go." Figures shimmer and melt into darkness.

Now Phil is fighting on the embankment of a dam. He grapples with his opponent and they both roll into the water. A complete stranger sings a samba. I am puzzled till I read "Also full supporting programme." I have been misled. That was a trailer. Phil is coming again next week. I am not.

## WOMEN AND TRAINS

HE was wearing a purple suit, brown boots, and something resembling a Free Foresters' tie; and he rushed past the ticket-collector and flung himself into our carriage just as the train was leaving Staines. Mrs. Arneby looked at him with disfavour. Presently he gasped "Narrer shave, that."

I agreed. He gulped in some more air.

"Couldn't afford to miss it. Gotta be in Richmond by eleven."

I said: "In Richmond?"

"That's right. In Richmond."

I said: "But this train doesn't stop at Richmond."

His eyes bulged. The message took a long time to reach his brain, and then his brain rejected it.

"Doesn't stop at Richmond?"

"Half the trains on this line."

I assured him, "stop at Richmond. But this one happens to belong to

the other half. Next stop, in fact, is Waterloo."

"But this is the ten-twenty, ain't it? The woman who drove me to the station said it was."

"No," I said. "It's the ten-thirteen, seven minutes late."

He slapped his knee. "Might've known it. That's what comes o' listening to women." His voice grew throaty with disgust. "Women and trains. Corlomme!"

Mrs. Arneby turned to me. "I suppose," she inquired, "you'll be going straight to the City from Waterloo?"

"All the same, they are. Take my ole woman, now. Arst her to look up a train, an' what does she do? Gives you a Saturdays Only—and like as not takes it from an out-o'-date time-table."

"Yes," I answered.

"But if you look up the train,"

said the Free Forester bitterly, "what happens then?"

"By bus, or that awful little Tube?"

"Why, she just don't believe yer. Starts asking people——"

"That awful little Tube," I said.

"—soon as she gets to the station. Ticket-collectors, porters, guards." The Free Forester mimicked his wife's apparently falsetto voice. "'Is this the train for So-and-so? Am I right for Such-and-such?' Won't believe *them* either. Arsts the people in the carriage. Still not convinced. Not really happy about it till she gets there."

Mrs. Arneby made a little grimace: "That endless climb at the Bank—my husband used to say that the habit of charging up it caused half the promotions in the City. He used to call it the Angina Railway."

"Mind you, there's one thing the ladies are dead nuts on," said

the Free Forester, winking at me confidentially. "Fares. Yes, sir. If there's some complicated way of saving a few coppers, they'll be on to it."

"We're still running late, I think," Mrs. Arneby observed. "I hope you won't have to hurry."

"Take this line pre-war. If you'd bin on Richmond platform mid-morning when a train from Staines come in, wodger think you'd see! You'd never guess. Scores o' women rushing off the train almost before it had stopped, and up the stairs. Minute later, down they come again, running like stags, pushing an' shoving like they was in a bargain basement, and piling back into the same train they'd just left. Know why?"

When Mrs. Arneby drops a hint it's generally as well not to ignore it. "On second thoughts," I said, "I think I'll take a taxi from Waterloo. Can I drop you anywhere?"

"I'll tell yer. The cheap day return from Staines to Waterloo was two and threepence. But from Staines to Richmond it was one and a penny, and from Richmond to Waterloo a shilling." The Free Forester chuckled. "By taking their tickets in stages they saved themselves twopence, and by giving 'emselves palpitations running up and down the stairs they saved a ten-minute wait for the next train." He slapped his leg again. "That's women and trains for yer."

Mrs. Arneby gave a sigh of satisfaction. "Thank you," she said. "The bottom of Chancery Lane. I don't think it'll be far out of your way, and the bus service is so bad."

As we drew into platform twenty at Waterloo, Mrs. Arneby said to the Free Forester: "Did you want to get back to Richmond?"

"As quick as I can, ma," he replied.

She indicated the train waiting on the adjoining platform. "That gets there in fourteen minutes."

"But——" I began.

"You'll have to hurry," she continued. "It's due out now."

The Free Forester grabbed his hat and unlatched the door. Leaping from our train before it had stopped, he scudded across the platform and boarded the other just as the guard waved his flag.

I helped Mrs. Arneby from the carriage. She stood for a moment watching the departing train, and as it rounded the curve and disappeared in the direction of Vauxhall she said "He was quite right about the fares. I often used to save that twopence myself. In those days twopence was a sum to be considered."

I nodded. She grasped her umbrella, and we moved towards the barrier.

"I suppose you know," I said, fumbling for my ticket, "that the train you've put him in is a Staines non-stop."

"He was very rude," she murmured. "Besides, it will confirm his opinion of women and trains: it's always pleasant to have one's opinions confirmed."



"He refuses to talk, milord . . . !"



# RUS IN URBE

**I**N Brum  
 We have Spring  
 As a Charge on the Rates  
 (In accordance  
 With audited estimates).  
 We've none of the careless profusion  
 That marks  
 Spring in the countryside—  
 Here it's the Parks  
 And Gardens Committee  
 Who handle the matter,  
 Decide  
 What the cornucopia  
 Can scatter.

We've none of those nymphs  
 Who strew blooms  
 On the breeze.  
 We look  
 To the Council's hirsute employees  
 To station the tulips  
 And wallflowers trimly;  
 To plant out the primulas—  
 Perfectly primly.

Wherever  
 A concreted roundabout curves  
 Contractors  
 Becarpet the middle with turves,  
 And baskets of blossom  
 On brachial clamps  
 Cascade  
 (In the streets designated)  
 From lamps.

We get ugliness free;  
 Our beauty is dear.  
 In Brum we have Spring—  
 We make everything here.

MARK BEVAN



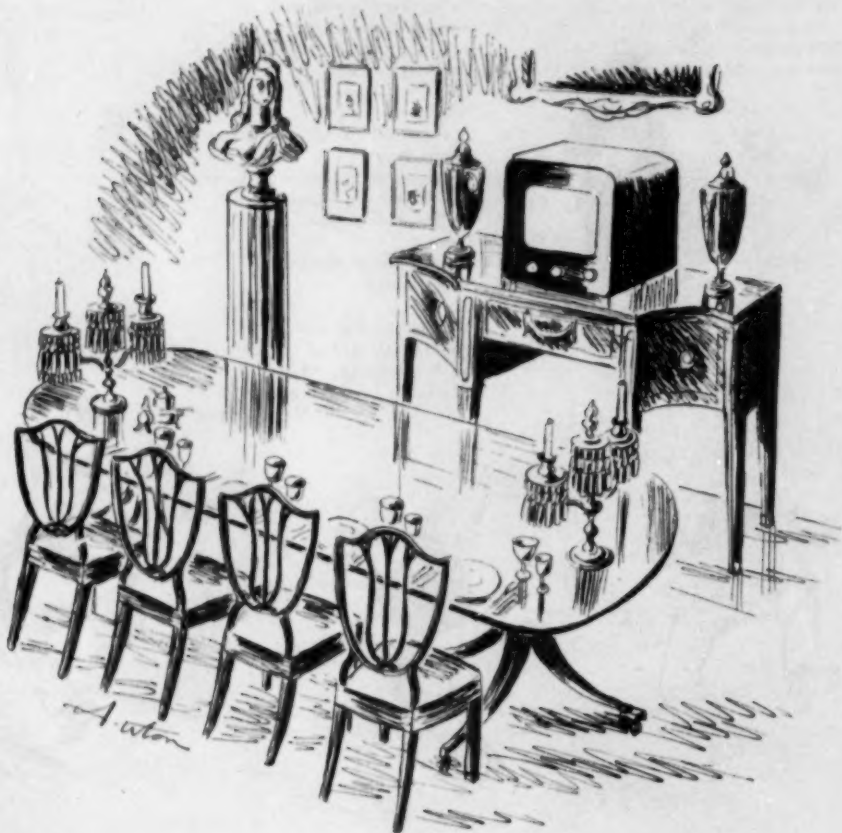
## OPEN HOUSE

LIFE beside a brook is rapidly driving me away from Literature towards Nature Notes. Our home is low-lying, and as animals tend to move downhill there are always new fauna skipping into our life. Another result of living in a dip is that the slightest squall turns our simple lawn and flower-beds into water-meadows. The rabbits not only elbow their way to the front rank but splash as they eat away the plants sown by our predecessors. We shall never know what they intended the garden to look like. Ecologically speaking, the

appropriate fauna would be water buffaloes; but I cannot feel there is any moral compulsion on me to back ecology up. Guide-books to England sometimes break off from listing perpendicular churches and the birthplaces of translators to mention parks in which rare beasts are preserved. I believe that the Duke of Bedford has some in his grounds, but I cannot remember whether they are aurochs or mammoths. In any case, he probably has more room for buffaloes than I have.

'Ware heron! I apologize for

this interruption. I am not used to working in a room with an open french window, and only a monomaniac would stick to discussing the Duke of Bedford while a large bird circled round the room looking for a bust to perch on. I am not much of an ornithologist and it may not be a heron. My remark was more of an ejaculation than a scholarly labelling. The handbook to birds is not much help. Under *Manners* it says "Stands with head sunk on shoulders." This is unhelpful, as at the moment it is squabbling over an armchair with a vole. Equally unhelpful is "Gathers at heronries in January." I am writing in May and I cannot wait. I suppose a littérateur should have a perchable



bust in his study. Pallas used to wear a kind of pointed helmet on which ravens could roost comfortably; the only bust available here is Shakespeare, whose bald crown makes for slithery perching. Good! The heron has shot out to see what is emerging up through the rockery, a small Alpine plant balanced on its furry snout.

One difficulty that the Duke of Bedford probably avoids is having passers-by leaning on his front gate and cheering on the squirrels as they race up the trees with loot from the garden, while riverine rodents gnash their prominent teeth below. I am told that there are two kinds of squirrels and that ours are pests, not darlings. I have to force off the whimsy smile with which I instinctively greet them and replace it with the scowl of a man who, though not personally engaged in food-growing, is all for agriculture among others. The passers-by do not mind a bit that the squirrels are grey. They think that the garden exists to maintain interesting forms of life, and they rate the squirrels well above us.

During the snow—you remember the Spring?—I enjoyed trying to identify the various tracks. It was easy enough to distinguish between the mark of a claw and the mark of a hoof. The long, thin trails, I decided, were left by passing eels on their way to the Sargasso Sea. What shook me was a naked, human footprint. If it had been shapely I could have twirled my moustache and hoped for dainty company. If it had had a toe more or less than usual I could have imagined myself involved in an old-fashioned mystery story. It had two heels. Unfortunately, the snow had melted into a thin lake by the time I could persuade my wife to look at it, and then, instead of listening to my excited comments, she just stood gazing down at the wallflowers as they blew eerily on the lake bottom.

There are few indoor fauna. We had a bookworm that was chewing happily through *Egypt, Old and New*, but took poorly when it moved on to Dicey's *Law of the Constitution*. There is something that barks like a dog in one of the attics and,



"... that's all it says, Boy with Bugle."

although we have not discovered a cellar, we can hear some heavy body swimming lazily against the tide in the place where a cellar would be. Most of the creatures we find about the home are intrusive, not indigenous. The toothmarks on the record of a speech of genial banter by Mr. Asquith probably belong to some water-rat bored with the narrow culture of the brook. In justice to myself, I should explain that the record was not lying on the floor but standing in the plate-rack. Birds are quite as hard on records as rats; they like to run their beaks sonorously round the grooves, and this wears away a tune faster than putting in the needle upside down.

As far from the Equator as this (Sussex) we do not have to take any particular precautions against flying fish. The worst that crashes against

our windows is the merry maybug. I doubt whether there are any fish in the brook at all. If there had been they would have got indoors before now. Where the water froths out of a culvert under the road there is too much foam and obstruction for fish to get by. The water forces twigs against other twigs to form a structure like a very large and inefficient lobster-pot; I judge its inefficiency by the absence of lobsters. I do not think that the absence of a single branch of the animal kingdom is a fair cause for complaint. We have most of the creatures eaten by Sir Stephen Tallents and a few that even he would find inedible—the squat, green, wall-eyed thing, for example, that is forcing its way under the carpet as I write.

R. G. G. PRICE

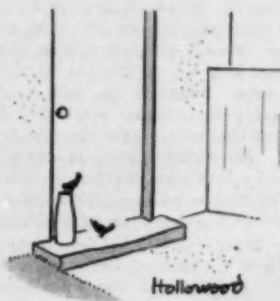
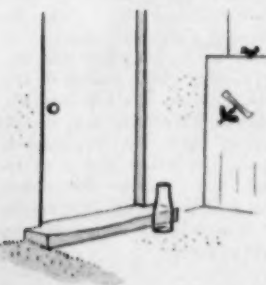
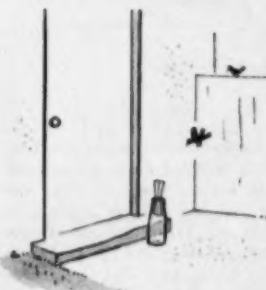
## THE COSMIC MESS

A SMALL stone thrown into a pond does nothing but draw attention to the smoothness of the water. The other day in the House of Lords two peers crossly raised their voices, and one told another to "Sit down." Nothing much. In the Commons the incident would not have been noticed. But in the Lords the tiny pebble acquired headlines, and deserved them: for it beautifully advertised the habitual calm of those noble waters. "Cheers" in the Second Chamber means a few muttered "Hear, hears." "Laughter" is a gentle chuckle or two, instantly suppressed. The good order and discipline of the Lords are the more remarkable when you remember (few do) that they have no boss. The Lord Chancellor is not like the Speaker. He can give intellectual and spiritual guidance; but if the Lords choose to have a free fight he can do nothing to stop them. This ancient and glorious institution, in fact, is like one of those queer modern schools, where the boys are allowed to do what they like. It seems to work. The Lord Chancellor does not even decide who shall speak next. It would, when you come to think of it, be most unseemly if a number of dukes, earls, and bishops, had to leap to their feet and stand in suppliant pose, trying to "catch the Lord Chancellor's eye." No, the order of speakers, this column believes, is privately arranged. If two noble Lords do rise together

there are competitive but gentle murmurs: "Lord Red"—"Lord Blue," after which one of them gracefully gives way. If both of them insisted on speaking the House would have to "clear the lobbies" and go to a division. And there are other fine democratic practices denied to the faithful Commons. The Lord Chancellor cannot order a speaker to resume his seat because of his "irrelevance" or "tedious repetition"; but at any moment anyone can get up and move "That the noble Lord be no more heard." If the noble Lord did not take the hint, there would be a vote, or "division," about that. But it does not happen: *noblesse* (whether hereditary or acquired) *oblige*. (In 1884 an attempt was made to give the Lord Chancellor power to select a speaker in such a case: but their Lordships jealously resisted it.)

Then there is the superb Standing Order XXVIII, "Asperity of Speech to be Avoided." This is one of the grandest utterances in official English: and note the date of it, 13 June 1626, when Charles I had just begun to reign, tempers were quick, and swords were worn:

"To prevent misunderstanding, and for avoiding of offensive speeches, when matters are debating either in the House or at Committees it is for honour sake thought fit and so ordered, that all personal, sharp or taxing speeches be forborn, and whosoever answereth another man's speech shall apply his answer to the



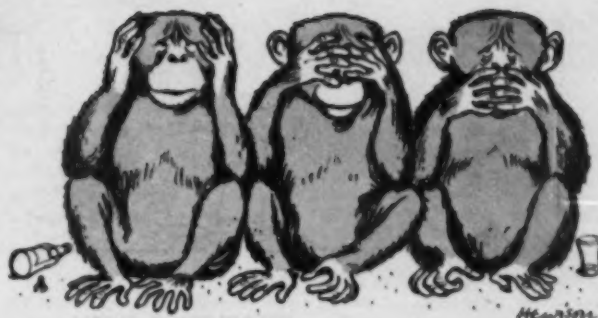


matter without wrong to the person; and as nothing offensive is to be spoken, so nothing is to be ill-taken if the party that speaks it shall presently make a fair exposition, or clear denial of the words that might bear any ill-construction; and if any offence be given in that kind, as the House itself will be very sensible thereof, so it will sharply censure the offender, and give the party offended a fit reparation, and a full satisfaction."

"When heat is engendered in debate," says the Companion to the Standing Orders, "it is open to any Lord to move that the Standing Order referring to 'Asperity of Speech' be read by the Clerk." This was not done the other day; but the spirit of the Order was evidently present, for the noble Lords finished the debate with bonhomie and smooth words.

"Nothing offensive is to be spoken." What a model for some of those legislators who regard the Lords as a decadent and useless institution. If there were no other reason for preserving the Second Chamber it would be worth the very small sum it costs as a Museum of Good Manners. (The House of Lords costs £98,000 a year; the House of Commons £887,000.)

All that reminds this column of a story told by a certain duke—alas, now dead—the story of the Unknown Peer. It was during the war. Lord Halifax was making a fine speech on Foreign Affairs. Into the Chamber there came a little old man whom none could identify. No one had seen him before. "A back-woodsman," they thought, "who, stirred by his country's peril, has descended from some Welsh or Scottish mountain to play his part." No doubt the janitors knew who he was. The stranger looked about him, and at last settled down, like a bewildered butterfly, on the second Liberal bench. He listened to Lord Halifax with close attention and evident enjoyment, smiling and nodding his head. Soon, a passage of especial splendour was too much for him. To the general dismay he clapped his hands. It was a sound which had never been heard in their Lordships' House. "Upon



"Boy! What a party!"

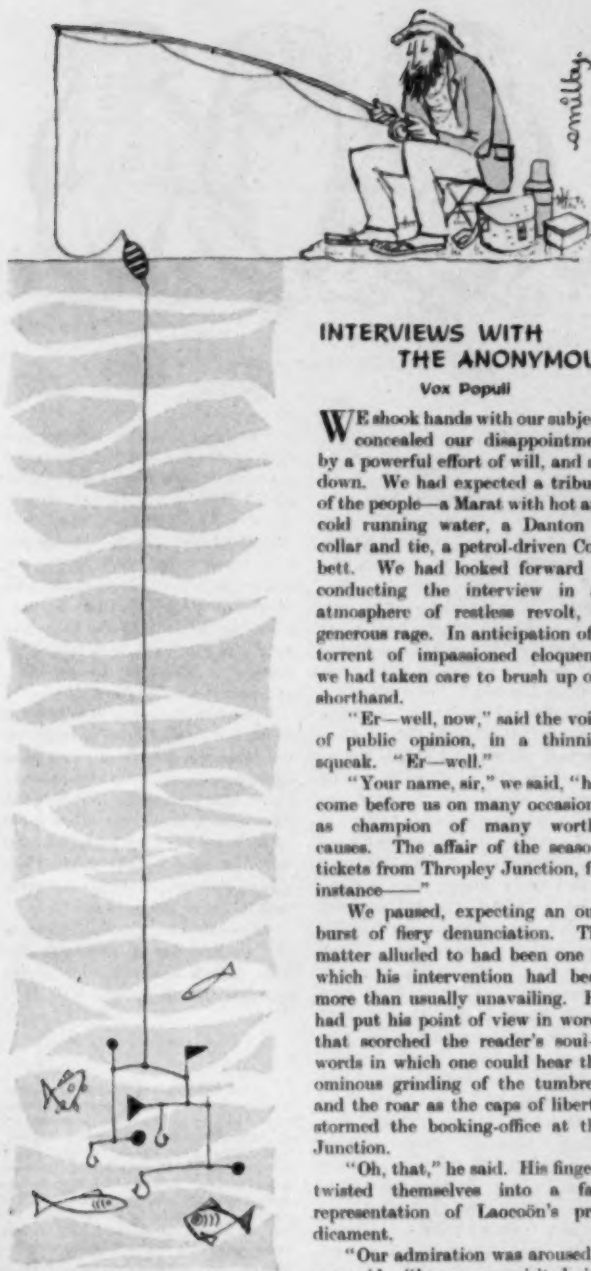
my word," he said, loudly clapping again, "this is a very good speech. My own opinions exactly. Say some more like that, my lord. Speak for England." "Order, order," said the Liberal leader coldly, over his shoulder. "What's the matter, old cock?" said the stranger indignantly. "This is a free country, isn't it? A man's got a right to say what he likes!" "Not in that manner," said the Liberal leader, "and not on these benches." "Well, this is a queer place, I must say," said the old man. "But I hope I know when I'm not wanted. I think I'll go somewhere else." Accordingly, he tottered across the floor of the House (breaking the sacred rule that no one must pass between the Lord Chancellor and the Table), and settled down among the bishops. There he again attended to Lord Halifax, and again gave audible evidence of his approval. "I tell you what," he said, clapping vigorously; "this is the best speech I ever heard. Capital stuff. Just what I was saying to my wife. Go on, my lord. Speak for Old England!" The bishop next to him kindly explained some of the rules of Order to him. "Thank you, bishop," he said. "Very obliging. Only want to do my duty. But it seems a queer, discouraging sort of place, I must say. I think I'll go out now." He went out and walked slowly down the long passage to the House of Lords Library. To the first librarian he saw he said: "Do

you know, I find this legislation a very exhausting business. I wonder if you can guess what I should like now? Well, it's a beaker of port wine." The librarian sent for a large port and the old man sipped it slowly in a red leather armchair, muttering from time to time kind words about Lord Halifax's oration. Then he said: "Well, that was very grateful and comforting. I must say. Good day to you, sir"; and he left the building.

The late duke had two endings to his tale. Sometimes he said that the unknown peer was never seen again and that to this day nobody knows who he was. He may not even have been a peer. At other times he said that the little man had been duly identified by the janitor, but was so discouraged by his reception that he never attended again.

The late Lord Badeley, Clerk of the Parliaments all through the war, denied all knowledge of the episode. This is a pity. A. P. H.

"The fundamental cause of disharmony in marriage is the 'gravely unsatisfactory economic position between the spouses,' the Married Women's Association states in evidence to the Royal Commission on Marriage and Divorce, issued to-day. Prepared by Mrs. Helena Normanton, Q.C., president, it says: 'The aim is an equitable equality before the law, an equality applicable both to husbands and to wives.'"  
—*Birmingham Post*  
That's it—none more equal than others.



## INTERVIEWS WITH THE ANONYMOUS

Vox Populi

WE shook hands with our subject, concealed our disappointment by a powerful effort of will, and sat down. We had expected a tribune of the people—a Marat with hot and cold running water, a Danton in collar and tie, a petrol-driven Cobbett. We had looked forward to conducting the interview in an atmosphere of restless revolt, of generous rage. In anticipation of a torrent of impassioned eloquence we had taken care to brush up our shorthand.

"Er—well, now," said the voice of public opinion, in a thinnish squeak. "Er—well."

"Your name, sir," we said, "has come before us on many occasions, as champion of many worthy causes. The affair of the season-tickets from Thropley Junction, for instance—"

We paused, expecting an outburst of fiery denunciation. The matter alluded to had been one in which his intervention had been more than usually unavailing. He had put his point of view in words that scorched the reader's soul—words in which one could hear the ominous grinding of the tumblers and the roar as the caps of liberty stormed the booking-office at the Junction.

"Oh, that," he said. His fingers twisted themselves into a fair representation of Laocoön's predicament.

"Our admiration was aroused," we said, "by your spirited interpretation of the will of the

inarticulate masses in the controversy: 'Milk or Tea—Which Goes in First?'"

At the mention of tea his eyes brightened.

"Tea?" he murmured. "I wonder—would you care—?"

This, frankly, was not what we had looked for. Blood, drunk from the skulls of tyrants, or a beaker full of the heady wine of liberty—yes; but an infusion of twigs—well!

"It must," we suggested, "be stimulating to a high degree to stand forth as the mouthpiece of your fellow-countrymen—to take your place in the front rank of the vanguard of the forces of truth, progress and justice."

"Well, isn't it?" we asked, after an unpregnant silence.

"If you put it that way," he said, "I suppose it is."

"How else should we put it?" we demanded. "And now, sir—over what crusading host shall we next see your banner flying? Against what embattled interests—your own phrase, your very own—will that searing eloquence be directed? Will you defend the right of postmen to wear goloshes? demand the abolition of the halfpenny? urge a policy of firmness towards San Marino? Little man, what now?"

At that moment a great cry resounded hollowly through the villa.

"Hen—ry!"

The modern Robespierre rolled a fearful eye upward.

"Yes, dear?"

"Come and clear all your nonsense off this desk. I want to write a letter!"

It was Vox Populi (Mrs.)

G. H. M. NICHOLS

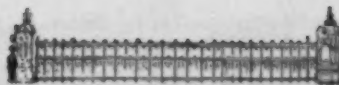
## SCHIZOPHRENIA

MY darling leads a double life As office-worker and as wife— Two half-time jobs that each demand

Three-quarters of her day and night. Small wonder then if her left hand Not only knows not what her right Doeth, but sometimes even what In Heaven's name itself is at.



## IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, May 12

Most Members enter the House of Commons these days with a lively curiosity about the "set" for the day—as film

House of Commons:  
Bargain Sale

actors might view the arrangement of a studio. It is amazing how many different lots of scenery the Governmental Producer, Mr. PAT BUCHAN-HARBURN (sometimes known as the Government Chief Whip), can put up. Incidentally, the "noises off" are usually by courtesy (as the programmes say) of the Opposition—but it is really a co-operative effort.

To-day the scene was a Large Emporium, with Mr. R. A. BUTLER in the rôle of Tactful Manager, Mr. HUGH GAITSKELL as the Difficult Customer, and various others with more or less important parts.

An all-male cast? Not at all. Miss ALICE BACON, who used to be managing-director of the Labour Party (the official title was chairman, but it means the same thing) was seen to be whirling in and out of the Chamber, beckoning first Mrs. BRADDOCK, then tiny Mrs. FREDA CORBET, and then hustling both away to the mysteries of "behind the scenes." It was obvious to the least perceptive that something was being arranged, and that we were not supposed to look until the cameras began to turn.

But, in the meantime, Manager BUTLER (the House was discussing purchase tax) seemed to disarrange the schedule a little by getting up and announcing that he proposed to cut the purchase tax on a wide range of goods by one-quarter. Clothing, footwear, gloves, household textiles, all would receive the benefit of the cut, said Mr. B., with the air of one who pastes up a notice announcing astounding bargains and warning all and sundry to buy now. The Government side of the House signified its approval. The Opposition was less noticeably moved.

Miss BACON—well, she just got up and went behind the scenes

again, with that elegantly languorous yet business-like air affected by the well-trained and determined *rendueuse*. But by then it was closing time, and so we shall have to wait for to-morrow's show.

Tuesday, May 13

A good deal of highly-technical talk about gloves and scarves and dull things like men's wear had to be disposed of before Miss BACON was able to make her limelighted re-entry. But when that event did occur it scored the sort of success any dress-designer might envy. Miss B. walked daintily

House of Commons:  
Dress Show



### Impressions of Parliamentarians

Sir Charles MacAndrew  
Chairman of Ways and Means  
(Dute and North Ayrshire)

in, wearing a long coat which your (mere male) scribe would call mustard-coloured. And she was closely followed by wee Mrs CORBET—wearing a precisely similar coat. Similar in colour, cut, style—everything, in fact, except size.

The House gasped at this strange sight—and strange it was that two women should take so calmly and amiably the discovery that they were dressed exactly alike. But then it became clear that there was method in Miss B.'s calmness.

She and Mrs. C. sat down side by side, like a belated meeting of the Executive of the Mustard Club. As the House and the crowded galleries watched them eagerly, they waited while a discussion on gloves (stated to be a staple industry in Yeovil for the last four hundred years) was concluded. Then, her coat flowing open to reveal that it

covered a blue dress, Miss B. let the House into her secret. She moved an amendment suggesting that the purchase tax on such coats as those on view be adjusted.

She made what the Sunday papers call "startling revelations" about the two coats being shown. One was that the *smaller* and shorter (under 42 ins.) one—Mrs. C.'s—cost more than the rather larger (44 ins., but still svelte) one she herself wore. Sensation in the House. What was more, she said firmly, this was all due to the low "D-line" the Government had obstinately fixed. Although honourable Members knew better, of course, many of those in the galleries were clearly puzzled by this military-sounding phrase—not realizing that almost everything, in these Order-ridden days, has some official jargon attached to it, and that a "D-line" is merely the line dividing tax-free from tax-bearing goods.

By this time everybody was eyeing Mrs. C. with the intensely critical gaze peculiar to those who attend dress shows. Then, with the sweeping gesture of the high-class impresario, Miss B. turned to her other side—and there, posed as if for TV, appeared Miss MAGGIE HERRISON, as small (almost) as Mrs. CORBET, but dressed in what turned out to be an apple-green "three-quarter coat." And this, it seemed, cost more than the long coat—providing yet another example of the curiosity and rank injustice of the D-line.

All this brought Miss B. a tremendous cheer from both sides of the House when she sat down, having explained that, as an experienced teacher, she knew the value of a "visual demonstration" in putting over a difficult subject.

Mrs. C. then almost brought tears to the eyes of the assembled legislators by rising to her five feet nothing and telling how (just as nobody loves a Fat Girl, according to the song), nobody makes clothes to fit a Small Girl. All her life, she

said, she had yearned for clothes that were her diminutive size and yet fitted her in the places where they *should* fit. And for this she, too, appeared to blame the newly-devised D-line.

One almost expected all three to rise and sing (with forefingers demurely beneath their chins, and perhaps a soft-shoe dance) a heart-rending ditty beginning "*Three ill-fitted maidens are we . . .*" But they contented themselves with prose, and waited eagerly for the reply from the Government, which had been left to Sir ARTHUR SALTER to deliver. It was, in fact, "*Nothing doing!*" only Sir ARTHUR said it at much greater length and in much longer words—he spoke, for instance, of "ocular evidence."

It was, however, quite clear that Sir ARTHUR was, so to speak, not buying—although he did promise

to think further before the Report stage—and the Three Graces rose in unison and went, with the precision of ballet dancers, into the unknown places outside the showroom. The House was amused by one revelation made by Miss BACON, that the coats had come off the peg that morning—were, in fact, borrowed plumage—and were going back on to the peg the next morning. And, truth to tell, all three temporary (and rather overclad) "models" seemed relieved that that was so, especially as the House sat until seven in the morning.

At the start of the day's business Sir RICHARD ACLAND had presented a petition from "certain mothers of children attending the day-nursery at Pelham Road, Gravesend." The House, never too proud to take note of minor matters, kindly let it "lie upon the Table."

Wednesday, May 14

Mr. EDEN opened, in his usual clear and persuasive way, a full-dress debate on foreign affairs, with particular reference to the European situation.

This was a sensible, workmanlike debate, with a full realization by most Members that the danger of arming Germany on the one hand, and of leaving her unarmed on the other, was not a problem admitting of a cut-and-dried solution by either Party, nor a suitable subject for the gibes and catcalls that mar so many discussions nowadays.

There was a good deal of talk about the precise meaning of the Labour Party's policy, as well as that of the Government. And, in the end, their differences were not overwhelmingly clear. But it was an interesting debate.



"Why don't you leave it as it is? That's how everyone will remember it."



## AT THE PLAY

*The Voyage Inheritance* (ARTS)  
*After My Fashion*  
 (AMBASSADORS)



**T**HIS week the theatre has presented us with two respectable problems, neither of which it fully answers; but twice in one week to be given something solidly arguable on the way home was a relief. In spite of an end blurred by loose talk *The Voyage Inheritance* is good enough to remind us how much we may have lost when, at the height of his powers, HARLEY GRANVILLE-BARKER gave up writing plays. Vintage 1905, one of the years in which he and Vedrenne were making history at the Court, it takes the firm challenge of its opening from Ibsen and the airy debate of its closing scenes, much less happily, from Shaw. At that date nobody of Barker's intelligence could have escaped these influences, but the lively observation of Edwardian middle-class character which is still the play's chief interest was distinctively his own. The problem here can be very simply stated. Should an upright young solicitor who inherits a family practice from a swindling father admit his deficit and take the consequences? Or should he continue the business in order to put things right—always remembering that his father had carried on with the same intentions from a dishonest parent and had himself been sucked into fraud? Very interesting scenes



(*The Voyage Inheritance*)

Major Booth *Voyage*—MR. DESMOND LLEWELYN; *Edward Voyage*—MR. TONY BRITTON; *Mr. Voyage*—MR. HUGH MILLER; *Alice Maitland*—MISS RACHEL GURNEY

show the solicitor's struggle and the various reactions of his family; the outcome, however, is obscured by irrelevant moral quibbling—at a time when the gossiping of the vicar's wife must surely lead straight to the Public Prosecutor.

MR. PAUL MAYO provides a wonderful dining-room that at every point, from chandelier to stained-glass window, awakes nostalgic pangs, and Mr. JOHN FERNALD gives the Voyseys their birthright of plush complacency. The acting is patchy but spirited, and on the whole Mr. HUGH MILLER, Mr. TONY BRITTON and Miss RACHEL GURNEY acquit themselves bravely.

In *After My Fashion* the dilemma is not dissimilar. A film is to be made of a famous expedition, twenty years after the event. The leader's selfless courage has become a national tradition, his widow a publicly tragic figure. The script is written, when his mistress, from a genuine sense of duty, blows the gaff: this hero, whom she still loves, was an actor, a neurotic, a raging egotist, who sacrificed his party to an insane ambition for immortality. Should the film be made, carrying an undoubted inspiration to youth, or should its travesty of the truth

be prevented? Miss DIANA MORGAN had here excellent twin themes, the nature of truth and the nature of courage, but she has mishandled them in a play which to my mind has been considerably overpraised. Intelligent discussion of both themes is smothered by a theatrical study of feminine jealousy that produces one fine scene at the cost of a long détour, and by the inclusion of several characters too silly to advance the action; while in the final minutes the widow makes such a staggering admission that it robs her of any right to be taken seriously. In spite of these faults the play has moments of tense drama, and its leading parts are very effectively taken by Miss SONIA DRESDEN and Miss VALERIE WHITE, as the widow and mistress, and by Mr. MICHAEL SHEPLEY and Mr. RICHARD JOHNSON, as the producer and director.

## Recommended

*Much Ado About Nothing* (Phenix), a production of rare quality. *Winter Journey* (St. James's), better theatre than story, well acted. *The Mortimer Touch* (Duke of York's), satire drowned in farce but with bubbles by Linklater.

ERIC KROWN



(*After My Fashion*)  
*Lady Starcross*—MISS SONIA DRESDEN



(The San Francisco Story)  
Rick Nelson—JOEL McCREA; Adelaide McCull—YVONNE DeCARLO  
and Casullion

## AT THE PICTURES

*The San Francisco Story—Le Voyage en Amérique*

**T**HE title of *The San Francisco Story* (Director: ROBERT PARRISH) means no more than that sort of title usually does mean; that is to say, the film is not the story of San Francisco but merely recounts an adventurous episode in its past, the sort of episode that might equally well have happened in almost any growing American city in the lawless eighteenth-fifties and is certainly not unusual as the story of a film. However, San Francisco gives us fog, sea views and a beach, all of which have their uses in this unimportant but thoroughly entertaining picture. The usual characters make their familiar appearance, from the crooked political boss to the hero's comic friend whose function is to be rescued from the consequences of over-drinking in the first part of the story and to rescue the hero from death in the second. The girl is a flamboyant beauty "closely linked" (as the synopsis delicately puts it) with the villainous politician, and when the hero treats her a trifle cavalierly her instant reaction is to have him shanghaied, which causes him considerable momentary annoyance. All the same they go off together at the end, so the assumption is that he regards such extreme shortness of temper as

no bad thing in a wife. Meanwhile he has of course cleaned up the political situation and taken the State of California away from the scheming villain, with whom (this is an interesting scene) he at last fights a duel, with shotguns, on horseback, on the beach. JOEL McCREA, as this resourceful character, is massive enough to make all but credible most of the numerous occasions when he is called on to fell people to the ground, or the floor, or the deck . . . But I'm giving a wrong idea of the piece by treating it so lightly; there is real good in it, and quite a bit of freshly imaginative handling of detail besides much smart amusing dialogue. YVONNE DeCARLO is convincingly imperious as the beauty (oddly described by an approving bartender as "democratic") and RICHARD ERDMAN has some of the best lines as the hero's blundering friend.

The only real trouble about *Le Voyage en Amérique* (Director: HENRI LAVOREL) is a certain rather overpowering quality about its playfulness, which on occasion becomes almost elephantine. The heavily emphasized whimsicality, and in particular the perpetual roguish finger-wagging, tend to give the impression that all concerned are determined to be lightly and airily

amusing if it kills them, and the genuine merits of the piece are somewhat swamped in a bath of relentless gaiety. In mood it struck me as being something like *Jour de Fête*, though it has practically no slapstick and no central comic figure. There is the same touch of naivety about the attitude to America and what are thought of as American habits and institutions. The title sums up all the plot there is: the film sketches the daily conventional life of a couple in a small French town, traces the steps by which the wife induces the husband to arrange for them to fly to the U.S. to see their married daughter, and shows them reminiscently settling down again on their return. This is all scattered with entertaining incident and amusingly played by a cast headed by YVONNE PRINTEMPS and PIERRE FRESNAY as the adventurous couple, and it makes a very pleasant trifle for anyone not too apt to be irritated by whimsy.

### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London, the outstanding one is still *Los Olvidados*. I found myself able to appreciate the brilliance of this without being profoundly moved emotionally. *Lighter fare*: CARXÉ's *La Marie du Port* (14/5/52).

No first-rate new releases. With a *Song in My Heart* (30/4/52) is a spectacular sentimental musical based on the career of Jane Froman. Remember *Five Fingers* (16/4/52) and *Viva Zapata!* (9/4/52).

RICHARD MALLETT



(Le Voyage en Amérique)  
Gaston Fournier—PIERRE FRESNAY

## BOOKING OFFICE

## Fanfares for Genius

*A Touch of the Sun.* William Sansom. Hogarth Press, 12/6

*Mixed Company.* Irwin Shaw. Cape, 15/-

*A Breathless Child.* Frances Bellerby. Collins, 10/6

PUBLISHERS' dust-jacket blurbs are becoming nearly as putting-off as the captions of film-trailers that, screaming in moronic superlatives the qualities of some epic of blood and passion, convince us that a twenty-mile walk in the rain would be a preferable experience. The word "colossal" has not yet reached the dust-jacket, but "brilliance" and its equivalents are thrown about so freely that Shakespeare could not reasonably be dissatisfied with the adjectives accorded to almost any young writer of average gifts. If the blurb is written by the author, as sometimes happens, it seems indecently immodest, and if by the publisher, impertinent. The only blurb that can be of the slightest interest to a reader in the habit of making up his own mind is one that states objectively what sort of book it is, and what other books the author has written—adding, perhaps, a little information about his background, which can be helpful.

I could find worse examples than that introducing *A Touch of the Sun*, but the resistance it roused in me was unfair to short stories which at their best are very good. Mr. William Sansom is a witty and imaginative writer, a satirist at heart whose observation of life and character is large and true. His people are seldom pleasant, but he does more than score points against them, for he has compassion as well as irony. The variety of this collection suggests he is still undecided as to manner, and one can understand his difficulty. "On Stony Ground," for instance, is a deadly impression of a young man's infatuation for a shopgirl named Desirée, who revolves, with three inseparable friends, on the comfortable ball-bearings of facetious cliché. Satire, but grimmer, also sharpens "Venice," in which an English flirt's mockery of a gondolier ends in tragedy. To see totally different Mr. Sansoms read "Impatience," a quietly written but exceedingly dramatic story of two barbers fighting with razors in a basement; read "The Face at the Window," a description of a little boy's encounter with a burglar that echoes deeply in one's early memories; and read "A Shower," which I think I like best, a meditation by a man in the Luxembourg Garden on the future of to-day's children. Some of these stories are not in the end absolutely convincing, and one, "Mother's Bangle," doesn't deserve inclusion, but their total effect is to make me eager for more from Mr. Sansom.

Another collection of stories that wins admiration after a similarly poor start is *Mixed Company*. Mr. Irwin Shaw's range is also big enough to make it hard to pin him into an exact category. At present he appears on surer ground in stories of the war than when he is dealing with the American domestic scene, in

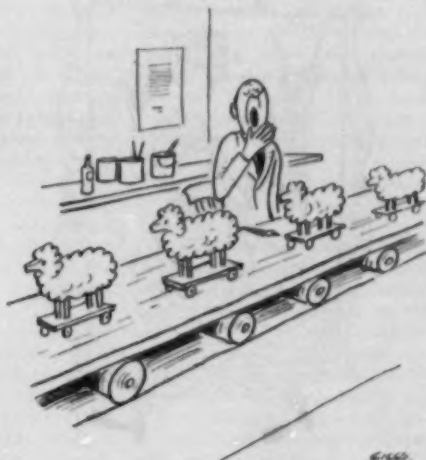
which his women are apt to be the familiar types to which any writer critical of material civilization would turn. Here sentimentality is only thinly masked by toughness—toughness which shows at its worst in "Sailor Off the Bremen," a quite pointless orgy of ugly physical violence. In his war stories, however, told with great strength and simplicity, and with a consistent sense of the human predicament, Mr. Shaw proves himself a fine writer, of wide sympathies. On the fate of the Jews he is very moving. In lighter vein he can handle different weapons; compare his uproarious farce of the two drunken taxi-drivers, engaged in a friendly joust on the way to the scrap-heap, with "The Green Nude," a clever satire on cultural whims on both sides of the Iron Curtain. There is solid talent in this book, though talent still a trifle uncertain of its direction.

Miss Frances Bellerby's stories, in *A Breathless Child*, are sensitive and visionary, the work of a poetic mind preoccupied by the compensations of perception in people who are lonely, physically disabled or just odd. Her characters are often beautifully described, though she endows them with almost superhuman sensibility.

ERIC KROWE

*Portrait of Europe.* Salvador de Madariaga. Holt and Carter, 18/-

If your knowledge of Europe is qualitative rather than quantitative—and how otherwise can you discern the essential character of each nation!—one signal service you can do the present is to say "Be yourself" to people who have, so to speak, forgotten themselves. Señor de Madariaga is interested in the forces that created Europe—the Roman Empire and Christendom—and



in the contribution of each of Europe's component parts. He thinks their tensions as useful as the balanced thrusts of a Gothic cathedral; and his learned, eloquent, witty and animated book awaits a federated Europe, with Vienna, preferably, as its capital. His manner is too apocalyptic for a blueprint; but as seers are rare and planners abundant that is all to the good. It will infuriate the Englishman to find himself congratulated on providing—with the Spaniard and the Russian—an eccentric counterpoise to French and Italian rationalism; but, of course, at his best, that is precisely what he did provide.

H. P. E.

**Three Rivers of France.** Freda White. Faber, 25/-.

In travel-book writing there seems little to choose between the baroque style of the "Guides Bleues" and the personal narratives of travelling egotists; Miss Freda White, however, in her *Three Rivers of France*, travels daringly along the white line in the middle of the road. She casts a cold, Anglo-Saxon eye on the rivers of south-west France—the Lot, Dordogne and Tarn. The bogs of the purple patch are avoided; churches (which she loves), castles, the landscape, even the people, are brightly described. We learn that the fame of Brantôme rests, alas, on pornography—the author of "Les Femmes Galantes" came from there; that the Pompadour never lived at the Pompadour castle west of Uzerche; that Josephine Baker owns Les Mirandes, one of the Dordogne castles. Miss White's humour is dry: of a charming small town she says "The principal export of Pigeac is M. Charles Boyer." For the historically-minded there are long chapters of prehistory at Périgord and an

excellent description of the Lascaux caves. Some of this region, north-east of Bordeaux, might be called "the gutter of Languedoc" as Miss White points out, but, fortunately, it is a gutter running with white wine.

B. K.

**The Beauty of Old Trains.** Hamilton Ellis. Allen and Unwin, 20/-.

Mr. Hamilton Ellis fell into love with trains at the age of six in a sort of vision in a Wiltshire valley—an "immortal hour" he calls it—of a glorious white-plumed monster, swift and powerful and gleaming in the sun. The effect of the vision remained and the excited little boy became the knowledgeable and always enthusiastic historian and commentator. He is concerned not with engines only but with the whole train—the whole ship as it were—the train in the landscape, the train as a thing of beauty both functional and aesthetic. Here he turns to the *old* trains nostalgically, the glory having largely departed with amalgamations and rationalizations. Eight coloured reproductions of his competent and spirited portraits in oils of some of his favourites and sixty photographs (these duly numbered but with no corresponding numerical reference to them in the text—an exasperating omission) illustrate his thesis. Naturally this book is chiefly addressed to the wide fellowship of enthusiasts. But at least one reader outside it has a sort of conviction of sin in that his eyes were never opened—and that he has missed something.

J. F. T.

#### SHORTER NOTES

**Cricket All the Year.** Neville Cardus. Collins, 15/-.

Another excellent though brief instalment of the Cardus saga, with handsome profiles of Compton, Hutton, Miller, Bradman and Jim Sims, and a complete account of the 1950-51 Tests between F. R. Brown's men ("the weakest conglomeration of cricketers which has ever represented this country at cricket against Australia") and L. Hassett's. Also, a delicious "Conversation with Rhodes, 1950." No music.

**They Saved London.** Bernard Newman. Werner Laurie, 12/6.

Interesting, often exciting and (apart from some confessedly " concocted " dialogue) authentic account of the flying-bomb and rocket attack on England. Credit for the comparative failure of these secret weapons is fairly divided between the Polish and French Undergrounds, the R.A.F., A.A. Command, British scientists and Intelligence, American equipment, and Hitler.

**A Place to Live.** George Buchanan. Faber, 10/6.

Superficially very simple story about a young hotel-manager in a seaside town, his marriage, his R.A.F. service, his political dreams. The author's unique style, in which every sentence is so skilfully turned and touched with detail that when read carefully it expands to a paragraph in the mind, enables a short novel to cover a great deal of ground; but there is undeniably a certain paleness about the characters.

**Happyland.** Alan Wykes. Duckworth, 10/6.

Satirical novel on a fantastic theme: the exploitation of an island where "happiness" exists as a positive thing freely available to every visitor. Interesting to find Graham Greene characters and manner in a field usually left to writers either self-consciously witty or laboriously "shocking."

**The Third Pip.** Rupert Lang. Constable, 10/6.

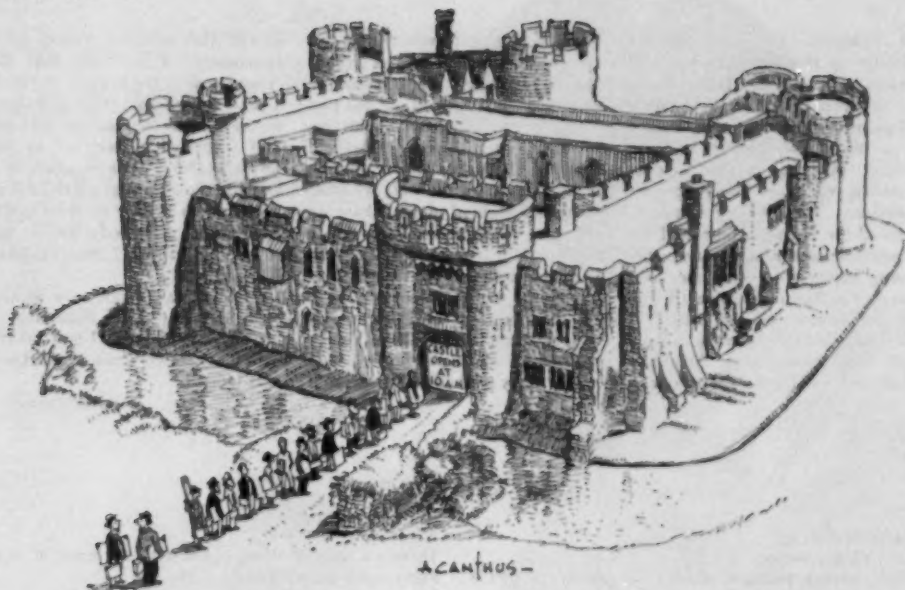
A study of an Army crumbling into demobilization could be old stuff, but Mr. Lang is a highly comical writer with an eye for bizarre incident and a flair for startling imagery. There are loud laughs here, though not for the easily offended.

**Telling of Murder.** Douglas Rutherford. Faber, 12/6.

High-class thick-car melodrama set in the Free Territory of Trieste. The captious reader may deplore the inattention to detail; but the action is the thing.







*"It looks as if our pitch will be the dungeons again."*

### LADIES WITH LAMPS

EVERYBODY was most kind—even Mrs. Angers, who sent me in a knitted bed-jacket and seventeen back-numbers of *Prediction*—but nobody brought me grapes, and somehow one expects them. Knitted bed-jackets are all very well in their way, even in pale-blue rabbit-wool; and with a few *Predictions* and a bad cold one can comfortably arrange one's life for the next hundred years or so. But grapes are the hallmark of the invalid, and there were times when I felt as though I were measuring out my gargle under false pretences.

Mrs. Venner, of course, was in her element. She bustled in on the very first day, with her arms full of shopping, to present me with an old curtain-pole so that I could bang on the floor.

"Just give a thump," said Mrs. Venner, "and I'll know there's something the matter."

I thumped repeatedly after she had gone, because she left half a stone of potatoes on the foot of my

bed, and some carrots; but she couldn't hear me. Mrs. Venner's quarters are down two flights of stairs, and sometimes she has a buzzing in one ear.

It was not an easy pole to manage. It was a little over eight feet long, with a heavy knob at each end, and I had swept two glass horses and a bottle of ink off the mantelpiece before Lucy came up with her hair in curlers to complain that the ceiling was flaking all over her dinner. She brought me some cold soured herring, a biography of Ivor Novello, and some Australian sherry in a beaker, and stayed for an hour and a half, entertaining me with her new soft-shoe routine, for which I had to hum the Tommy Dorsey arrangement of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Song of India." She then gave me an old aspirin, which she found in her pocket, to relieve my headache, and rearranged the furniture to cheer me up a bit. As a result of this Mrs. Venner, returning at midnight to recover her

greengroceries, walked smack into the wardrobe. I awoke with a jerk, and before we knew where we were the potatoes were rolling all over the floor, the table-lamp had fallen into the fireplace, and Mrs. Venner had put her best lace gloves in my bowl of anemones. All this alarmed the Angers' dog, Vixen, who bounced up and down the landing like a thing possessed, until the radio mechanic who has taken the end room opened his door and hurled a reconditioned transformer at her. She then vanished through an open window on to the roof, and was missing for two days.

Next morning, since I had developed a temperature and found two carrots in the bed, I decided against any further use of the curtain-pole. This was a mistake, because it made Mrs. Venner suspicious. She came and woke me up three times that day—once to see if I was asleep, once to see if I was awake, and once to paint my throat with what turned out to be a cure

for chilblains. I was not entirely friendly on this last occasion, and concluding that I had taken a turn for the worse Mrs. Venner secretly telephoned the doctor, who arrived in a blazing temper to find me sitting by the window eating bananas, which he had expressly forbidden. Mrs. Venner then confiscated the bananas, borrowed the *Predictions*, and sent up one of her young nephews to keep me company. His name was Leonard, and he gave me a violent attack of nervous hysteria by peering into my face from close range, breathing hard, and waiting for me to die. I

could see myself reflected in his spectacles, and I looked so terrible that I hid under the bed-clothes, trembling, and worked out the plot of a five-act tragedy about the Spanish Inquisition. When I emerged Leonard had departed, having drawn on the wall, with the blackened ends of match-sticks, an old man with no ears, smoking a pipe.

I don't know how I got better. I suppose it was due partly to intimidation from the doctor, partly to the rum which Mrs. Venner insisted on putting in my tea, and partly to my gradual realization that

I was the intended victim of a conspiracy. I don't say that Mr. Angers was at the bottom of it, but I shall never forget the furtive way he crept in on the last day and slid half a grilled pigeon on to my bedside-table. What's more, if I can find the drawer in which I hid it, rolled up in a copy of the *Psychic News* which somebody left on my pillow in the night, I intend to have it analysed.

At any rate, I am now fit and well, and grapes are beginning to arrive by every post. I find I don't care for them very much, and Lacy is delighted.

ALEX ATKINSON

## CAN ANYONE SAY?

### PROBLEM (a):

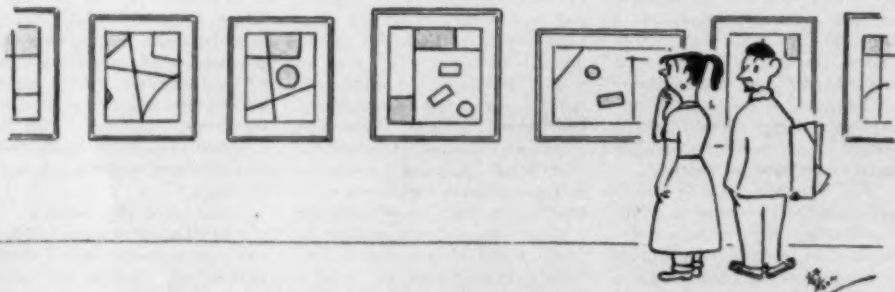
Can anyone say  
Why, having planned, made and packed a picnic,  
polished the car,  
Got up early and driven the whole way through London,  
then on,  
In a carbon-monoxide procession that's never ceased,  
For another nerve-racking fifty miles at the least;  
Having suffered all this, having got, having battled  
thus far,  
Why do these folk with the out-in-the-country  
urge  
Stop slap by the road and proceed with their picnic  
upon  
The verge?

A stone's-throw away  
There's a bluebell wood, a hill with the scent of hay;  
Forty miles nearer Town  
There's an equally feverish roadside on which to sit  
down:  
Why here?

No less queer,  
I mean Problem (b):  
Why do they drive even further, to Somewhere-on-Sea,  
Park, but just out of sight of the rolling deep,  
Shut all the windows and stay in the car and sleep?

I don't know the answers, I doubt if I ever shall—  
And the price of petrol whatever it is per gall.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



"I can't find my picture!"

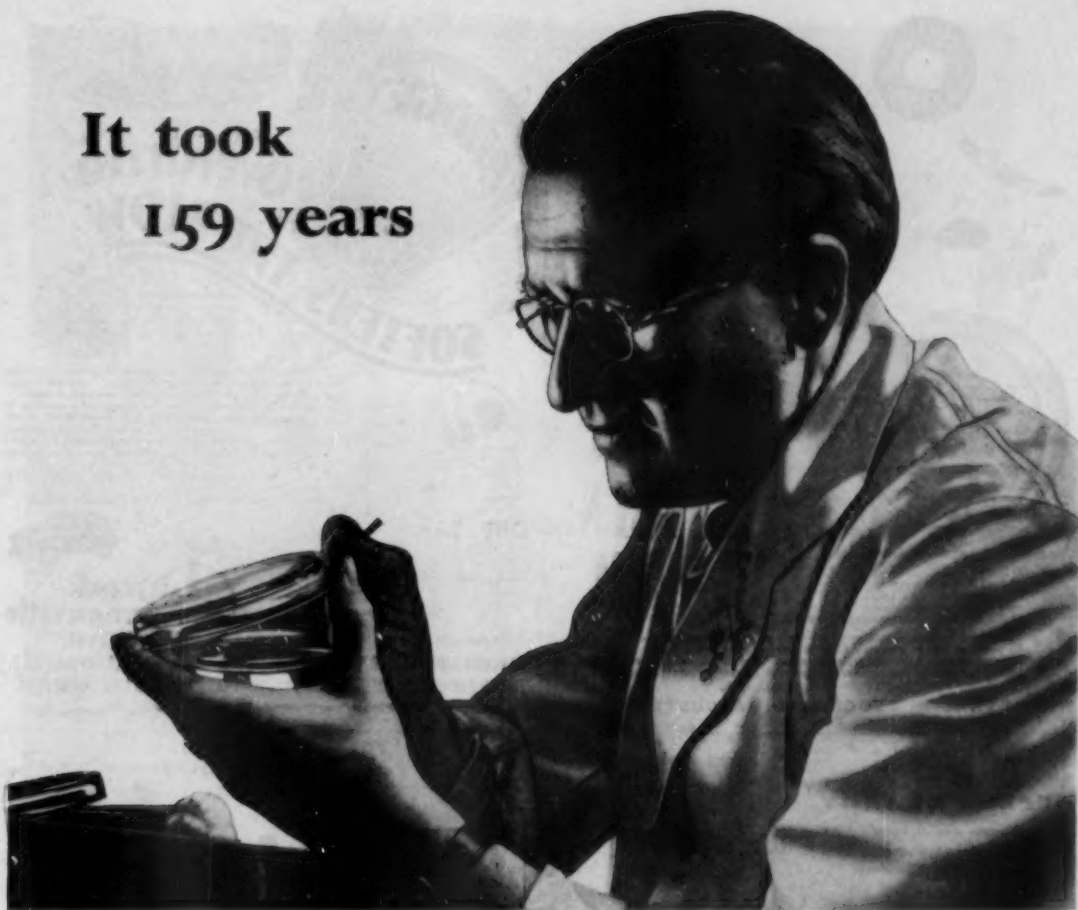
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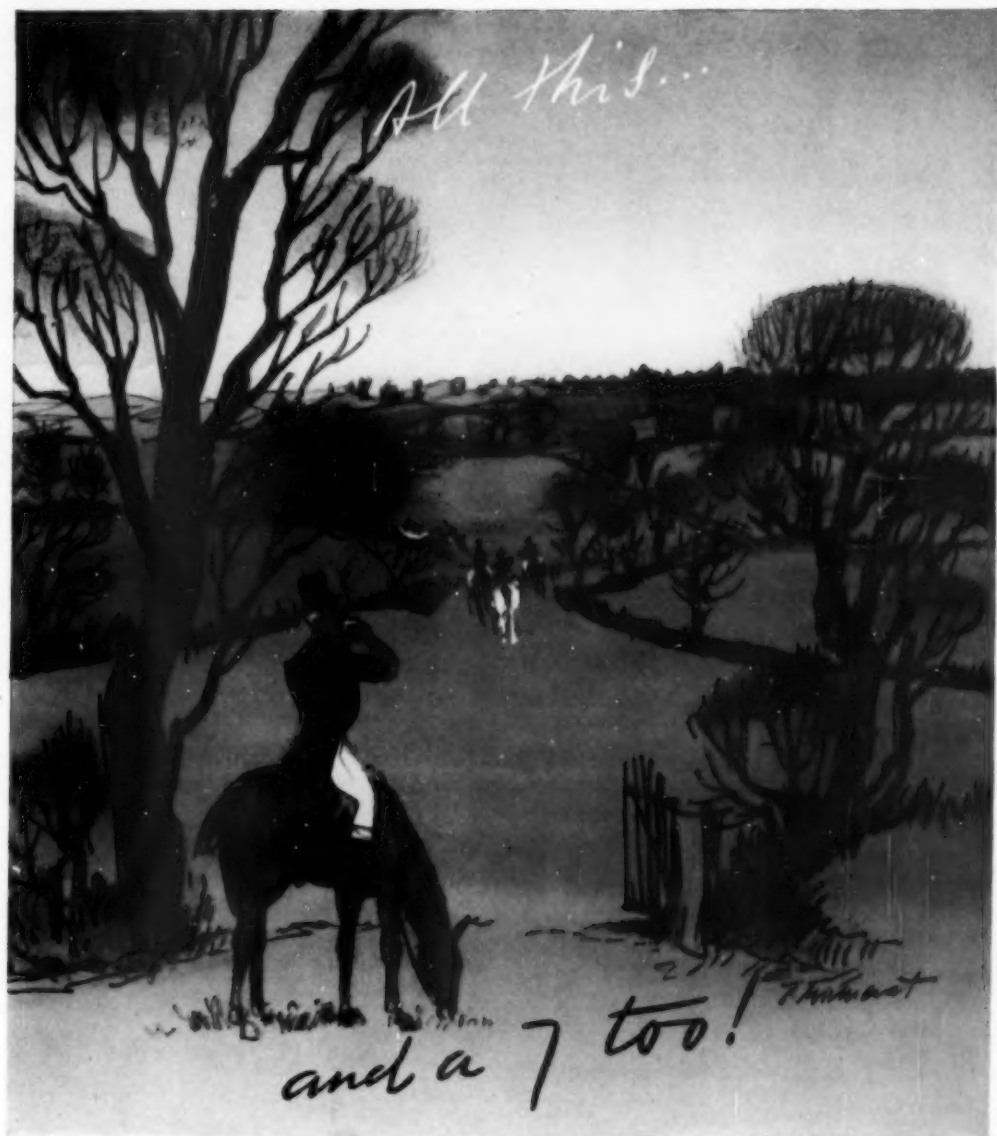
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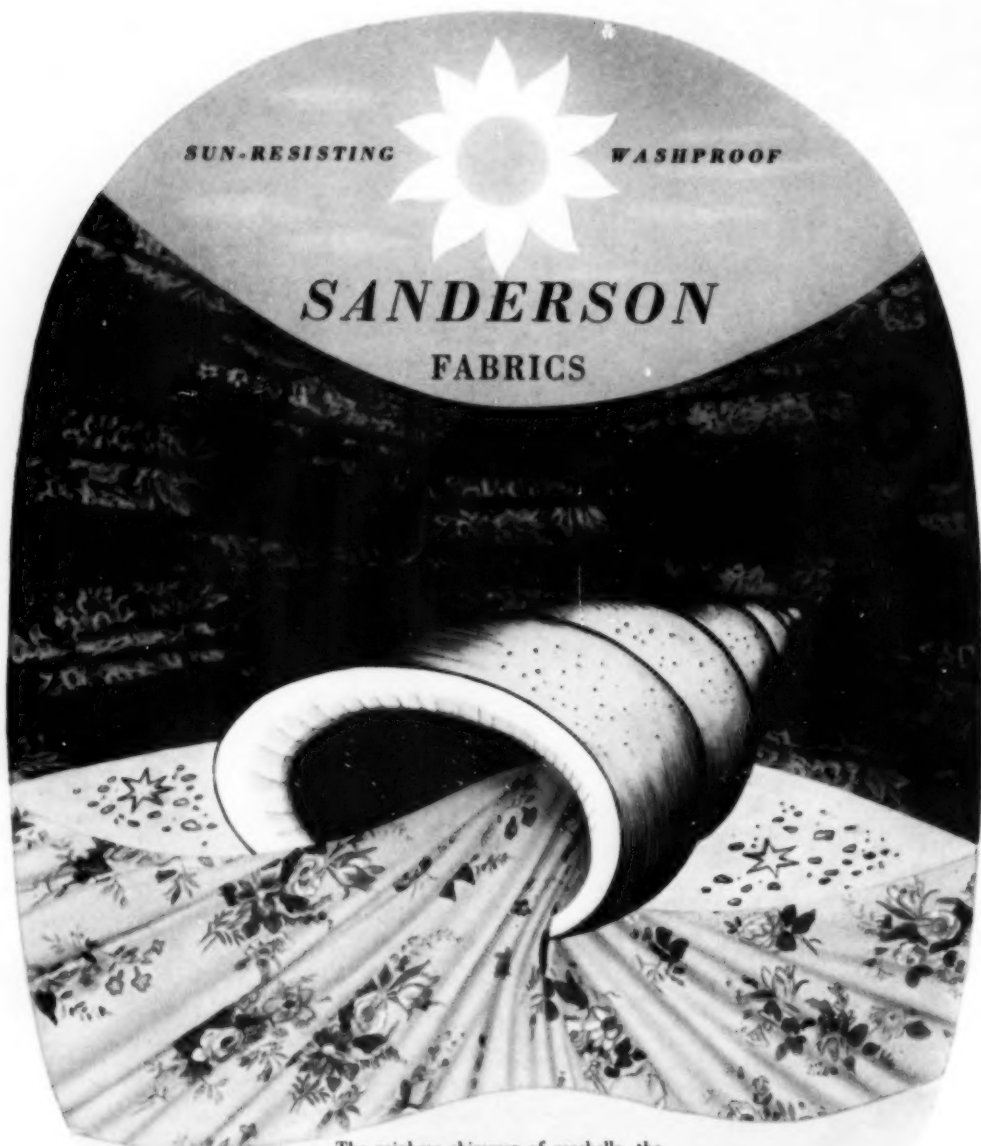


*The trees and hedges glowing brown against the green acres . . . and the violent glitter of scarlet flickering in and out of view. The peaceful glory of an awakening November morning . . . and the little friendly groan of leather rubbing leather. The anticipation of vigorous hours to come . . . and the stolen pleasure of a few lazy minutes. And for perfection one thing more—*



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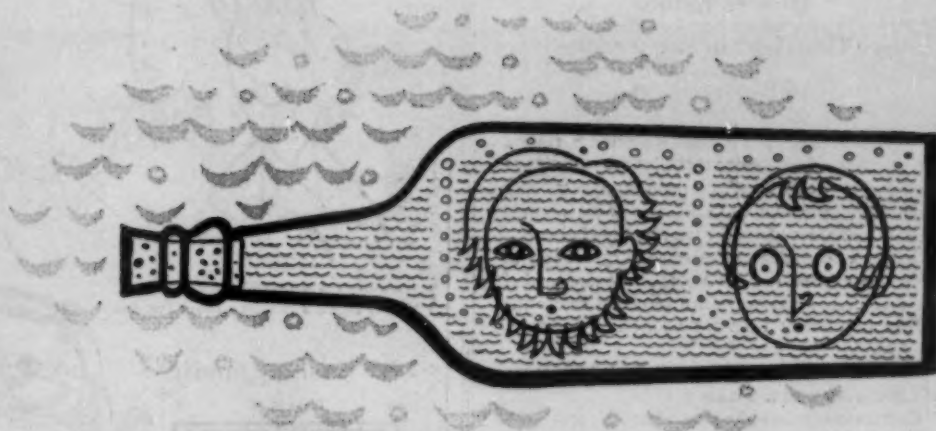
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JUST OVER A HUNDRED YEARS AGO we were a nation in the grip of "balneomania," the passion for "taking the waters" to treat every disorder from muddy complexions to "hypochondriacal and hysteric fits." On the strength of this national foible, in 1825, Friedrich Struve, a Dresden doctor, established the famous Royal German Spa at Brighton. Behind his chaste ionic colonnade in Queens Park, he dispensed artificial spa waters "very nearly agreeing with those found in nature," solutions formed in a process he himself had discovered. George IV was delighted that he could now take his favourite cures without having to leave the country, and following Royal example, Society flocked to Dr. Struve's Pump Room: as early as 1829 the press commented: "The morning levees at the German Spa (Queens Park) are both fashionable and numerous."

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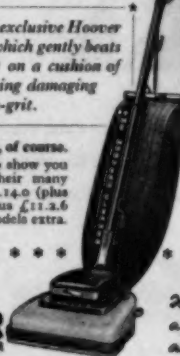


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" . . . and one member of the family was a very active little chap. His mother was hardly surprised, therefore, when he came home one day with a cut knee. While carefully bathing and bandaging the wound she reprimanded him in a loving kind of way—after all, she had been just as boisterous at his age. Some days later the boy complained that his knee was still hurting him. She noticed that the skin looked puffy, that the wound had an angry, unhealthy tinge. So she decided to ask the doctor about it. To her horror he diagnosed blood poisoning and in a very short time deadly germs had begun to invade her son's entire bloodstream. No one could accuse her of being a neglectful mother, yet she had forgotten one vital thing—

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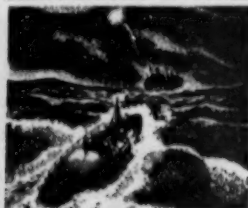
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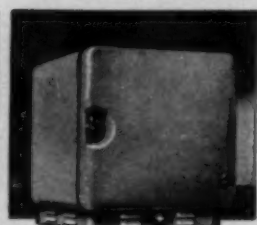


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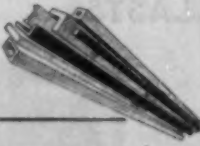
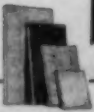

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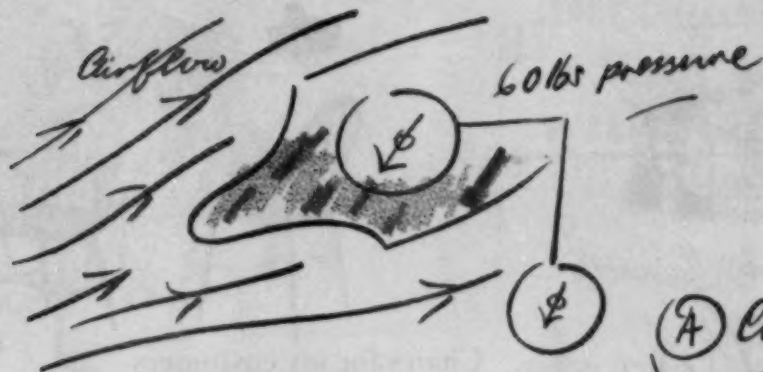
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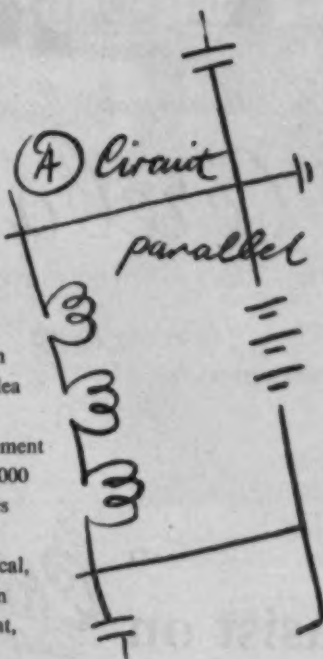
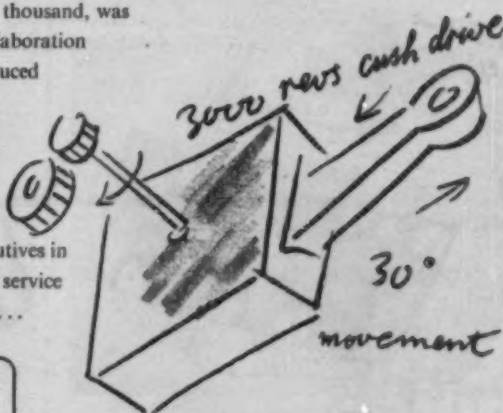
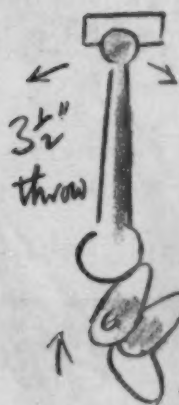


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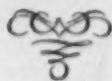


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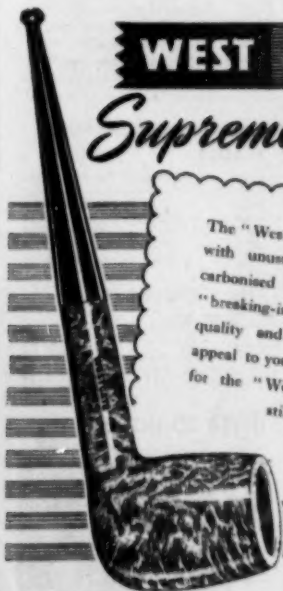
2½ lbs. of apples to every flagon

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**WEST GATE**

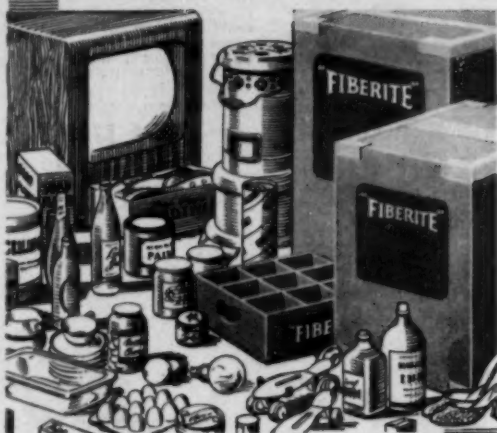
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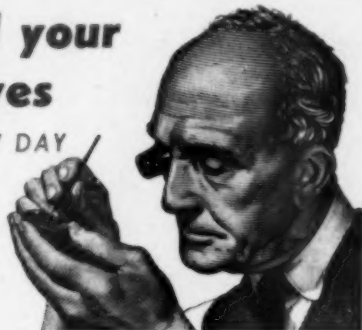
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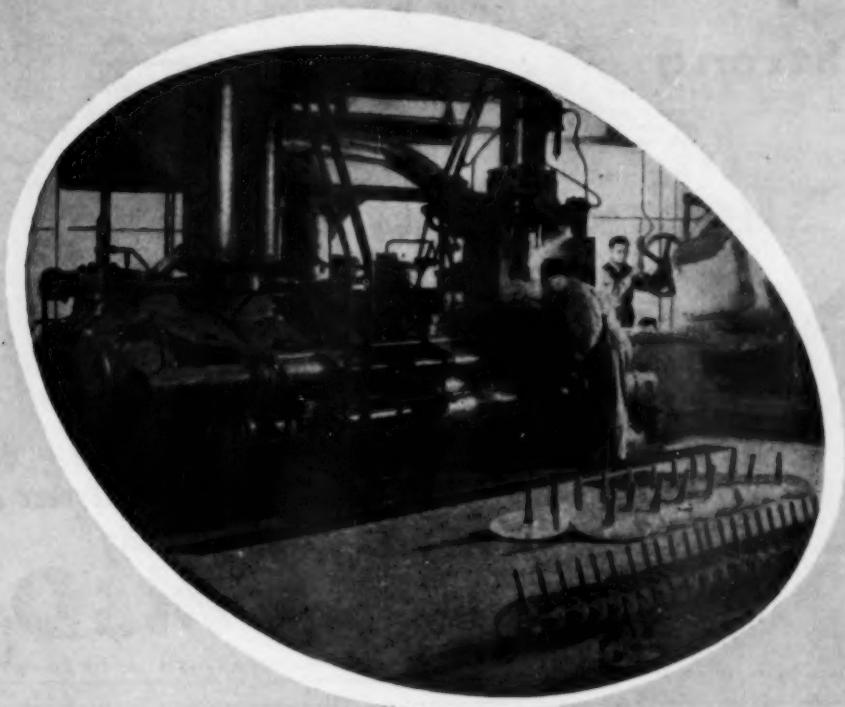
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